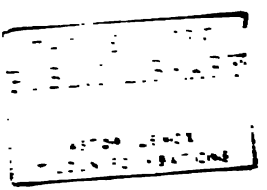

SHAUBENA.

Memories of Shaubena.

— WITH —

INCIDENTS RELATING TO THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF THE WEST.

BY N. MATSON,

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WITH FULL PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

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INTRODUCTION.

In the fall of 1836, Shaubena and his band were encamped for a number of weeks on Main Bureau creek, at the crossing of the Peoria and Galena road. This camp was near my father's residence. I visited it almost daily, and had many long interviews with the chief. During these interviews I learned much of his history, also many things relating to Western Indians, Black Hawk war, etc. Although Shaubena spoke and understood English very imperfectly, yet by the assistance of his son Smoke, a bright and intelligent lad of fifteen years of age, who acted as interpreter, I was able to comprehend his story, and have therefore given it according to my recollection.

The memory of Shaubena should be preserved, and a record of his beneficent acts

go down to posterity. Through his labors and influence a union of the different tribes for the purpose of making war on the frontier settlers was prevented, and people are now living whose lives were saved by this tawny philanthropist.

The incidents relating to the Black Hawk war were narrated to me, by the actors in them, more than forty years ago, and every statement not well authenticated has been excluded from these pages; but it would be too much to assume that it contains no errors.

Some of the incidents given in this work were published, a few years ago, in the Bureau County Reminiscences; but, as that book had only a local circulation, it was thought best to revise, correct and republish them.

N. M.

CHICAGO, January, 1878.

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CHAPTER XXI.

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CHAPTER I.

SHAUBENA'S* BIRTH — MEETING WITH TECUMSEH, ETC.

Shaubena, according to his statement, was born in the year 1775 or 1776, at an Indian village on the Kankakee river, now in Will county. His father was of the Ottawa tribe, and came from Michigan with Pontiac, about the year 1766, being one of the small band of followers who fled from their country after the defeat of that noted chief. While in infancy, Shaubena's parents went with him to Canada, stopping at an Indian village twenty miles east of Detroit, where they lived a number of years, but finally returned to their former home on the Kankakee river.

* The name of Shaubena is spelled in many different ways by fur traders and Indian agents, no two of whom agree. In four treaties where his signature appears, the orthography varies, and each of his educated connections spells the name different. I have in my possession, either written or printed, seventeen different ways of spelling Shaubena. Some of these are so unlike that it is hard to believe they were intended for the same person.

Shaubena, in his youth, married a daughter of a Pottawatomie chief named Spotka, who had a village on the Illinois, a short distance above the mouth of Fox river. At the death of this chief, which occurred a few years afterwards, Shaubena succeeded him as head chief of the band.

Soon after Shaubena became chief, the band left the Illinois river on account of sickness, and made a new home at a grove of timber now in De Kalb county, where they were found in the early settlement of the county. This grove, which still bears the name of the chief, is a fine belt of timber near the head waters of Big Indian creek, and surrounded by high rolling prairie. Here, at this grove, was a good spring, a sugar camp, an excellent place for cornfields, the country healthy and abounding in game. At this grove the band lived nearly half a century, and, according to the statement of their chief, they were a happy people.

Shaubena, while young, was employed by two Ottawa priests, or prophets, who instructed the Indians in a new system of religion, and with them he traveled extensively through the West. By these travels he acquired a knowledge of the country, and

made the acquaintance of many noted chiefs belonging to different tribes. In the summer of 1807, Shaubena was on the Wabash, and spent some time with Tecumseh at the Shawnee village, which, in all probability, was his first acquaintance with that noted chief.

TECUMSEH VISITS SHAUBENA'S VILLAGE.

Tecumseh, after meeting Gen. Harrison in council at Vincennes, in August, 1810, came West for the purpose of enlisting the different tribes in a war against the frontier settlements. He visited Black Partridge, Comas, Senachwine, and Como, all of whom refused to become his allies.

On a warm day in the early part of Indian summer, while Shaubena and his friends were playing ball, Tecumseh, accompanied by three chiefs, all mounted on spirited black ponies, arrived at the village. On the following day a favorite dog was killed, a feast made for the distinguished visitors, and the night spent with songs and dances.

Shaubena accompanied his visitors to a number of villages on the Illinois and Fox rivers, and listened to Tecumseh's stirring eloquence in behalf of his great scheme of

uniting all the tribes of the West in a war against the whites, and thereby repel the encroachments of civilization.

After visiting many villages among the Pottawatomies, they went north, up Rock river, among the Winnebagoes and Menomonees, visiting Green Bay, Prairie du Chien, and other places at the North. From here they descended the Mississippi to Rock Island, and visited the villages of Black Hawk and Wapello. At this place Shaubena parted with the chiefs, and left for home, while Tecumseh and friends continued south in the direction of St. Louis.

In the following summer, Shaubena accompanied Tecumseh to Vincennes to meet Gen. Harrison the second time in council, and listened to their angry speeches. Neither Gen. Harrison nor Tecumseh were willing to make any concession, and the council ended as the former one — without reconciliation.

Next day after the council at Vincennes, Tecumseh, accompanied by Shaubena and two Shawnee chiefs, left for the South, and spent some months among the Creeks, Cherokees, and Choctaws in the Southern States. Late in the fall, about two weeks after the battle of Tippecanoe, they returned

to the Wabash, and saw the remains of soldiers that had been resurrected by the Indians and scattered over the battle-field in shapeless masses.

BLACK PARTRIDGE AND SAUGANASH.

In the summer of 1812 runners from Tecumseh visited many villages along the Illinois river, informing the warriors that war had been declared between the United States and England, and offering them large sums of money to fight for the latter. These emissaries wished to raise a large band of warriors to capture Fort Dearborn before the garrison was aware that war existed. Shaubena intended to remain at home and take no part in the war, but on learning that a large party of warriors from other villages, as well as a few from his own, had left for Chicago, he mounted his pony and followed them.

In the afternoon of the fatal day, a few hours after the massacre, Shaubena, accompanied by a few warriors, reached Chicago, when they were horrified at the blood and carnage around them. Along the beach of the lake, where the battle had been fought, lay forty-two dead bodies, the remains of sol-

diers, women and children, all of them scalped and more or less mutilated. The body of Captain Wells lay in one place, his head in another, while his arms and legs were scattered around over the prairie. These remains were gathered up by Black Partridge and buried near where they were found, but the bodies of all others slain lay on the prairie for four years until the rebuilding of Fort Dearborn in 1816, when Captain Bradley had the bones gathered up and buried.

The prisoners who had escaped the massacre were taken to the Indian camp, which was near the present crossing of Jackson and State street, and closely guarded to prevent their escape. John Kinzie, whose residence stood on the north side of the river opposite the fort, had been trading with the Indians here for eight years, and among them he had many friends. By special favor he was allowed to return to his own house, accompanied by his family, and the wife of Lieut. Helm, his step-daughter, who was badly wounded.

In the evening after the battle, a council of chiefs was called to decide the fate of the prisoners, at which it was agreed to deliver them up to the British commander at Detroit

in accordance with the terms of capitulation. After dark many warriors from a distance came in to the camp, who were thirsting for blood, and appeared determined to murder the prisoners regardless of the stipulated terms of surrender. Black Partridge, with a few of his friends, surrounded Kinzie's house to protect the inmates from the tomahawk of these blood-thirsty savages. Shaubena, with a number of warriors, were standing on the porch with their rifles crossing the doorway, when a large party of hostile savages, with their faces painted, rushed by them, forcing their way into the house. The parlor and sitting room were filled with Indians who stood with their tomahawks and scalping knives in their hands awaiting the signal from their chief to commence the work of death. Mrs. Kinzie with her children and Mrs. Helm, sat in their little bed-room weeping over their sad fate, expecting every moment to be their last, when Black Partridge said to them, "We have done everything in our power to save you, but now all is lost; you and your friends, together with the prisoners at the camp, will be slain." At that moment a loud whoop was heard at the river when Black Partridge ran to see what it

meant, and in the darkness tried to make out the occupants of an approaching canoe, and at the same time shouting to the new comer, "Who are you, friend or foe?" In the bow of the canoe stood a tall manly person whose head was adorned with a wreath of eagle feathers, with a rifle in his hand, and as the craft struck the shore, he jumped off on the beach, exclaiming in a loud clear voice, the musical tones of which rang forth on the still night air, "I am Sauganash." Then, said Black Partridge, "Hasten to the house, for our friends are in danger and you alone can save them." Billy Caldwell,* for it was he, ran to the house, entered the parlor, which was full of hostile Indians, and by threats and entreaties, prevailed on them to abandon their murderous designs, and by him Kinzie's family and the prisoners at the camp were saved from massacre.

It was afterwards ascertained that a young

* Billy Caldwell was a son of Col. Caldwell of the British Army, who for many years was stationed at Detroit. His mother was a squaw of beauty and intelligence, a connection of Tecumseh, some say a sister. He was known by the name of Sauganash, which in the Pottawatomie language means an Englishman. Billy Caldwell had a good education, was very popular as a chief, and had great influence over his tribe. He lived in Chicago about twenty-six years, his cabin being located on the north side of the river, near the present crossing of LaSalle and North Water streets. In June, 1836, he went West with his tribe, and died some years afterwards in Kansas.

girl, a half-breed, who had been in Kinzie's family for some time, and who afterward married a Frenchman named Joseph Pathier, seeing the hostile savages approach the house ran to Billy Caldwell's wigwam, telling him of their danger, when he hastened to the rescue as above stated.

SHAUBENA GOES TO WAR.

Late in the fall after the Chicago massacre, as Shaubena and his band were about to leave home for the winter hunt, two emissaries from Tecumseh, one of whom was a half-breed and the other a petty chief, arrived at the village. They brought with them a package of presents, consisting of rings, beads, and various kinds of ornaments, intended principally for the squaws. Tecumseh had sent the wampum to Shaubena, asking him to bring his warriors and join his forces, and for their services they were promised a large sum of British gold. These emissaries said all the Pottawatomies along the river, including the bands of Como, Black Partridge, Senachwine and Comas, had pledged their support; also, that Thomas Forsyth, a trader at Peoria, had raised a

company of French and half-breeds, and gone to the war. These statements proved to be false. Not one of these bands had agreed to take part in the war; and had the true facts been known, Shaubena said he would have remained at home.

The winter hunt was abandoned, and on the following day Shaubena, with twenty-two warriors, left for the seat of war. On the St. Joseph river they overtook Col. Dixon's recruits, consisting of a large number of warriors under the command of Black Hawk, who had followed around the lake from Green Bay.

Shaubena remained in service until the close of the war; was aid to Tecumseh, and stood by his side when he fell, at the battle of the Thames. The old chief revered the memory of Tecumseh, liked to talk about him and the battle of the Thames, and it was amusing to hear him describe this affair in all its details.

DEATH OF TECUMSEH.

Shaubena said that on the morning of the Thames battle, Tecumseh, Billy Caldwell and himself were sitting on a log near the

camp-fire, smoking their pipes, when a messenger came to Tecumseh, saying that Proctor wished to see him immediately. The chief arose and went hastily to the general's headquarters, but soon returned, looking quite melancholy, without saying a word, when Billy Caldwell said to him, "Father, what are we to do? shall we fight the Americans?" To which he replied, "Yes, my son, before sunset we will be in their smoke, as they are now marching on us. But the general wants you. Go, my son, I shall never see you again." Tecumseh appeared sad, having a presentiment that the impending battle would be his last.

Tecumseh posted his warriors in the thick timber flanking the British line, with himself at their head, and here awaited the approach of the Americans. Soon the battle commenced, and the Indian rifles were fast thinning the ranks of the Americans, when a large body of horsemen were seen approaching on a gallop. These troopers came bravely on until they approached the line of battle, when Tecumseh and his warriors sprang forward with the Shawnee war-whoop to meet the charge. For a moment all was confusion, being a hand-to-hand fight, and many were

slain on both sides. Tecumseh, after discharging his rifle, was about to tomahawk the man on a white horse (Col. Johnson), when the latter shot him with a pistol. The tomahawk, missing its deadly aim, took effect on the withers of the horse, while Tecumseh, with a shrill whoop, fell to the ground. Shaubena said he was standing by the side of Tecumseh when he received the fatal shot, and sprang forward to tomahawk the slayer of the great chief; but, at that instant, the horse reared and fell, being pierced with many bullets, and the rider, badly wounded, was thrown to the ground, but rescued by his comrades. The warriors, no longer hearing the voice of Tecumseh, fled from the field, when the battle ended.

That night, after the battle, Shaubena accompanied a party of warriors to the fatal field, and found Tecumseh's remains where he fell. A bullet had pierced his heart, and his skull was broken, probably by the breech of a gun; otherwise the body was untouched. Near Tecumseh's remains lay the body of a large, fine-looking warrior, decorated with plumes and paint, whom the soldiers no doubt mistook for the great chief, as it was scalped and large portions of skin stripped

from the body. On the day of the battle Tecumseh was dressed in plain buckskin, wearing no ornaments except a British medal suspended from the neck by a cord.

Many years after this event, while Col. Johnson was Vice President of the United States, Shaubena visited Washington, and together they talked over the stirring incidents of that eventful day. After a long talk about the battle of Thames and death of Tecumseh, the Vice President took the arm of the old warrior and introduced him to many of his friends. On leaving Washington, Col. Johnson gave Shaubena a heavy gold ring, as a token of friendship, which he wore on his finger until the day of his death, and, by his request, was buried with him.

CHAPTER II.

INDIAN TRADITIONS.

The Indians have many traditions relating to early times, some of which extend back long before the country was explored by the French pioneers. But these accounts conflict, and with regard to some events, each band has a tradition of its own. Shaubena would spend hours in relating stirring events of wonderful feats performed by noted warriors, great chiefs, and of remarkable battles fought, an account of which had come down through many generations. Some of these events are so remarkable as to eclipse the most extravagant flights of romance, while others are quite probable and carry with them an air of truth. I have collected many of these traditions, compared, revised and published them in a book entitled "French and Indians of Illinois River." According to tradition, and also confirmed by the early

French explorers, the country between the Wabash and Mississippi rivers at one time was occupied by a powerful tribe of aborigines, known as Illinois Indians. They were of the Algonquin family, and consisted of six different bands, or semi-tribes, named as follows: Kaskaskias, Cahokias, Peorias, Tamaroas, Michgamias and Miamias. The three former bands or tribes occupied the country around the villages bearing their respective names, while the three latter resided in the upper Illinois country with their main village called LaVantum on the north bank of the Illinois river, near the present site of Utica. This town was called different names by the early French explorers, and its size variously estimated, but all agree that it was a large place, containing from four to six thousand inhabitants.

In the year 1682 LaSalle erected a fortification on Starved Rock, known as Fort St. Louis, or Fort LaRocher, the relics of which are still to be seen. Here at this fort the Louisiana colony was established, and it remained here until 1718, a period of thirty-six years, when the place was abandoned, but had it continued, LaSalle county would have

been the oldest settlement in the valley of the Mississippi.

According to tradition, Pontiac, after his defeat in Michigan, came West with a small band of followers, and made a village on the Kankakee river. This gave offense to the Illinois Indians, the owners of the land, and a war followed; but Pontiac, with his remnant of Ottawas, was backed by the powerful tribe of Pottawatomies who occupied the Wabash and Lake country. After a few battles a council was called at Mount Joliet to agree on terms of peace, but while disputing about its terms, Pontiac was assassinated by Kinneboo, the head chief of the Illinoisians. Thus perished this great chief by the hand of an assassin, instead of being killed at Cahokia in a drunken row as stated by historians.

A bloody war followed the assassination of Pontiac, and all the surrounding tribes raised the tomahawk to avenge his death. A war of extermination was inaugurated, and the Illinoisians being defeated at every point, were finally exterminated, the last of them perishing on Starved Rock, about the year 1768. After the Illinois Indians were annihilated, the conquerors took possession of the country. The Pottawatomies, from the

Wabash and Michigan countries, came West and made villages on the Illinois river and its tributaries where they were found in the early settlement of the country.

THE FUR TRADE AND DISAPPEARANCE OF BUFFALO.

The French controlled the fur trade of the Illinois country from the year 1682 until 1812, when they were driven away from Peoria — a period of one hundred and thirty years. Peoria was the center of the fur trade for ninety-four years, supplying the Indians between the Wabash and Mississippi rivers with goods. The principal traders at Peoria, when it was destroyed, were Antoine Des Champs, Michael La Croix, Felix Fontain, and Thomas Forsyth. The latter had been appointed government agent a short time before the place was burned by troops commanded by Captain Craig, in November, 1812.

From 1812 to 1816 there was no trade on the Illinois river, and those bands only that signed the treaty of December, 1813, were at liberty to carry their furs to St. Louis.

A Frenchman named DuPin occupied

John Kinzie's house at Chicago after the destruction of Fort Dearborn, and for three years traded with the Indians.

In 1816 the American Fur Company established trading posts at different places along the Illinois river, and for a number of years monopolized the fur trade. Antoine Des Champs was general agent of the Fur Company and succeeded by G. S. Hubbard. At a later period Indian traders located at different places on the Illinois river and did business in opposition to the Fur Company.

The trade in buffalo robes ceased about the year 1790, and that of elk skins thirty years afterwards. Shaubena said in his youthful days he chased buffalo across the prairies, but while he was still young they all disappeared from the country. A big snow, about five feet deep, fell, and froze so hard on the top that people walked on it, causing the buffalo to perish by starvation. Next spring a few buffalo, poor and haggard in appearance, were seen going westward, and as they approached the carcasses of dead ones, which were lying here and there on the prairie, they would stop, commence pawing and lowing, then start off again in a lope for the West. Forty years ago buffalo bones were

found in large quantities on the prairies; in some places, many acres were covered with them, showing where a large herd had perished and their trails leading to and from watering places, were plain to be seen.

STRANGE INDIAN CUSTOMS.

The early settlers of this country, who were in the habit of visiting Indian encampments, became familiar with their strange customs, and many incidents are related illustrative of savage character.

Once a year the Indians have their religious feast where prayer and sacrifices are offered up to the Great Spirit. At these feasts a number of bands unite, and the performance lasts many days. These religious exercises consist in speaking, singing and praying, sometimes running around a circle on their hands and knees, jumping up and down, clapping their hands, while their wild whoops and yells can be heard for miles away.

Each spring after the squaws have finished planting corn, they have their annual festival, or crane dance. At these festivals young warriors are in the habit of selecting their

mates, and each marriageable maiden being placed on exhibition, shows herself off to the best advantage, decorating her person with paint, beads and feathers, and wreaths of flowers, in order that she may captivate the heart of some young brave.

Sometimes a young warrior, in selecting a wife, will go at sun-down, seat himself among the lodges and commence playing his flute. One after another of the young maidens will come out to see who he is playing for. When one comes that is not his choice, the tune changes, to let her know that she is rejected, when she runs back into the lodge. But when the right one comes, the player continues the tune in an animated strain, giving her to understand that she is the accepted one. At night when all are asleep, the young warrior goes to the lodge of his fancied bride, lights a taper, holding it to the face of the maiden, and if she blows it out, the ceremony is ended, and he appears in the lodge next morning as one of the family; but if she lets the light burn, he is rejected, and leaves the lodge.

Polygamy is common among Indians. Chiefs and great warriors frequently have a number of squaws who live together in per-

fect harmony. With young squaws the lack of chastity is a small offense, but the married ones are punished for each transgression, sometimes by cutting off one ear, or branding on the forehead. No odium is attached to the males for transgressing the rules of propriety, and all priests or spiritual advisers are considered privileged characters, and most of them are libertines.

The Indians bury their dead in a shallow grave, and build a pen over it, constructed of small timber, to prevent wolves from digging up and devouring the remains. These pens over graves were found here and there through the country long after the Indians had left, and some of them used for firewood by early settlers. The chiefs were entombed above ground so they could be seen afterwards by their friends and frequently visited by the band. A high knoll or mound is selected in the thick timber away from the village, where the corpse is placed in a sitting position, braced with stone or timbers to keep it upright. A rifle, tomahawk, knife, pipe and tobacco, and everything the deceased is supposed to want in the spirit land, are placed by his side. Around the tomb are erected high palisades to prevent

dogs and wolves from eating the corpse and in this way the body is left to decay. On the fifth day of the tenth moon of each year, the whole band with faces blackened, collect around the tomb and mourn for the departed. On the seventh year after the body has been thus entombed the remains are gathered up and buried in the village grave-yard. Two Pottawatomie chiefs, Kapas and Big Thunder, were thus entombed near their village, and the Indians leaving the country soon after, their remains lay where they were placed for many years, a great curiosity to early settlers.

Sometimes infants were wrapped in a deer skin, placed in a trough covered with bark, and hung to a limb of a tree, where they would swing to and fro until the body decayed or was devoured by birds of prey, the trough rot, and with the bones fall to the ground. Sometimes the bereaved mother would go at sunset, seating herself at the root of the tree, and for hours at a time, sing to the sleeping babe sweet lullabys.

In passing up the Illinois river, in the early settlement of the country, many infant corpses were seen suspended to limbs of trees over the water, where they remained until

the withes that held the trough containing the remains, would rot off and fall into the water below.

EARLY HISTORY OF CHICAGO.

Fifty years ago Chicago was scarcely known, and spoken of as a fort and trading post on Lake Michigan. In the summer of 1836 Martin Van Buren, then a candidate for President, wrote to a friend here, addressing his letter "Chicago, State of Michigan."

All that is known of the early history of Chicago is taken from journals of French explorers and Indian traditions, which are more or less conflicting, no two of them agree.

In 1640, Father Nicollet, a French Jesuit priest, preached to the Indians at the mouth of Chicago river, and in all probability he was the first white man that ever trod the soil of Illinois. In 1671, Nicholas Parret visited this place, where he found a large collection of Indians celebrating a religious festival. When Marquette came here in 1673, he found a cross erected on the bank of the river, and Indians from a distance visited it to be healed of their maladies.

According to Indian tradition, a French-

man named Garie, built a trading house on Chicago river and surrounded it with palisades called a fort. In the early settlement of Chicago relics of a fortification were found on the north branch, about one hundred yards above the forks of the river. In Gen. Wayne's treaty at Greenville in 1795, a purchase was made from the Indians of a tract of land six miles square, at the mouth of Chicago river, where a fort once stood. It is said that an Indian chief from the West told the commissioners at the treaty, that a fort formerly stood here, and they thought it a good place for an out-post fortification, hence the purchase.

Shaubena said on his first visit to Chicago, he found no one living there except a big, raw-boned negro, who had an Indian squaw for a wife and a number of kinky-headed paposes; hence the Indians say the first white man that lived at Chicago was a negro. About the year 1790, a runaway slave from Kentucky, by the name of Jean Baptist, came to an Indian village on the Des Plaines river, married a squaw and raised a family of half-breed children. Some time afterwards he built a cabin at the mouth of Chicago river, north of Rush street bridge, where he culti-

vated a small piece of ground. He tried to have the Indians make a village here, telling them it would eventually be a great place, but the scarcity of timber, and the strong lake winds discouraged them from doing so.

Baptist was very religious, and assisted Father Bonner, a Jesuit priest, in converting the Indians to Christianity. He told the Indians that he had been a great chief among the whites and tried to become one among them; but failing to become a chief he abandoned his contemplated village and went to Peoria, where he died some years afterwards. One of Baptist's grandsons, whose physiognomy shows strong lineage of both Indian and negro, is now living in a hewed log-house on the bank of Cahokia creek in St. Clair county, and from him I obtained the above facts relating to his illustrious grandsire.

The cabin built by Baptist was afterwards occupied by a French trader named LeMai, who sold it to John Kinzie in 1804, at the time Fort Dearborn was built.

In 1804, while the troops were building Fort Dearborn, Charles Lee came here with his family, and built a cabin on the beach of the lake, south of the fort. He made

a farm and built two cabins at a grove of timber on the south branch four miles from its mouth, which was known for many years as "Lee's Place," afterwards Bridgeport. It was here the Indians killed DeVow and White on the 7th of April, 1812, an account of which is given in Mrs. Kinzie's early history of Chicago.

Lee and most of his family were killed at the massacre in August, 1812, and one of his daughters, a girl of twelve years of age, named Mary, taken prisoner by the Indians. After her liberation, she married a Frenchman by the name of Besson, and is now a widow, living with her grand-daughter in East St. Louis, and probably is the only survivor of the Chicago massacre.

In 1816 Fort Dearborn was rebuilt by Capt. Bradley and occupied by troops, when John Kinzie and Antoine Ouilmette returned with their families, and Col. J. Beaubien came here to trade with the Indians.

CHAPTER III.

INDIAN TREATY.

In the summer of 1816, R. Graham, Indian agent for the Territory of Illinois, sent runners to all the Indian villages between the Illinois and Mississippi rivers, and those southwest of Lake Michigan, requesting the principal chiefs to come to St. Louis on the 20th of August. At the appointed time there was a large collection of Indian chiefs, representing all the principal bands in the contemplated district. On the 24th of August, 1816, a treaty was signed between the United States Government and these Indians—Gov. Ninian Edwards, Gen. Wm. Clark and Auguste Chauteau, commissioners on the part of the Government, and twenty-eight Indian chiefs, twenty-three of whom were Pottawatomies, three Ottawas, and two Chippewas. A number of Sacs and Fox and

Kickapoo chiefs were present and signed the treaty as witnesses. In this treaty the Indians sold all their lands between the Illinois and Mississippi rivers, known as the Military Tract, and also a large district south and west of Lake Michigan.

Shaubena was present and signed this treaty, but on running the boundary line it was found his village was not in the purchased district.

In 1819, John C. Sullivan, under the direction of Graham and Phillips, commissioners appointed by the President, made a survey of the northern boundary of this purchase in accordance with the treaty. This line extended from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi river, and is known in history as the old Indian Boundary Line. It was intended to run this line direct from the mouth of Calumet river to Rock Island in accordance with the treaty, but in order to include the land ceded to Government in 1795 by Wayne's treaty at Greenville, they commenced at Grosse Point, nine miles north from the mouth of Chicago river. From here they ran southwest forty-eight miles to Town 35, Range 8, near the southeast corner

of Kendall county, and from thence a few degrees south of west to Rock Island.*

Shaubena was employed by the surveyors in running the boundary line, and accompanied them over the whole route, and with his hunters supplied the party with meat. The surveyors had a wagon drawn by a span of mules, and carried with them tents, provisions, surveying tools, etc.

EARLY SETTLEMENT OF NORTHERN ILLINOIS.

For many years the whole State of Illinois was in two counties, St. Clair and Randolph, the northern portion including Wisconsin, being under the jurisdiction of the former.† Afterwards the north part of the State was in Madison county, next in Pike, then in Fulton, and lastly in Peoria. In 1825 Peoria county was organized and divided into four

* In 1840 the State of Wisconsin made a claim to all the territory north of this boundary line under the Ordinance of 1787.

† In Cahokia an action having been brought before a justice of the peace for a cow, and a judgment for $16 obtained; the case was appealed to the Circuit Court. The sheriff having a summons for the defendant and subpœnas for witnesses, who were living at Prairie du Chien, and being an Indian trader, fitted out a boat stocked with goods for the Indian market. Being thus prepared for the expedition, the sheriff proceeded to serve the papers, returning 400 miles, traveling fees on each of which amounted to over $900.

precincts, known as follows: Peoria, Galena, Fox River and Chicago. The first election in Chicago precinct was held at the house of John Kinzie, and had twenty-one voters and fourteen tax-payers. Fox River precinct had ten voters and six tax-payers, and the election was held at the residence of Elder Jesse Walker in Ottawa. The largest tax-payer in the county (no real estate taxable), was Col. John Beaubien of Chicago, whose property was appraised at $1,000; the next largest on the list was William Holland of Peoria, valued at $800. The former was an Indian trader, and the latter the government blacksmith, who worked for the Indians. For two years the miners in Galena precinct refused to pay tax to the authorities of Peoria county, and the sheriff could not collect it.

In 1824, Abner Eads, then sheriff of Fulton county, appointed Amherst C. Ranson deputy collector at Chicago, who collected all he could, put the money into his pocket, and made no returns.

At the first election of Peoria county, in 1825, it was thought best to get the votes of the miners about Galena, in order to defeat some aspirants for county office. Conse-

quently Captain Abner Eads went on horseback to Galena by the only traveled road which ran by the way of Rock Island, called the miners together, held an election, and on the following day was ready to return to Peoria with the poll books. But here a difficulty arose, the law required returns to be made at the county seat on the third day after the election, and he could not reach Peoria in time by the round-about way of Rock Island. Therefore he started direct for Peoria through a wild, uninhabited country, without road or Indian trail, distant one hundred and sixty miles, thereby saving fifty miles travel, and reached the county-seat in time to make legal returns.

FIRST WEDDING IN CHICAGO.

In the summer of 1823, Col. William S. Hamilton had a government contract to supply the garrison of Fort Dearborn at Chicago and Fort Howard at Green Bay, with beef, and for that purpose drove the beef cattle from the settled part of the State. John Hamlin, of Peoria, having been elected a justice of the peace a short time before on the organization of Fulton county, was employed

by Hamilton as a drover. While in Chicago, Hamlin was called upon by Dr. Alexander Wolcutt, the Indian agent, to marry him. Dr. Wolcutt had been engaged to a daughter of John Kinzie for some time, but the wedding had been delayed for the want of an authorized person to marry them, and for that purpose they had thought of sending to Detroit for a Catholic priest. Squire Hamlin was willing to administer the marriage ceremony, but a difficulty arose; the parties had no license, and to obtain one would require a journey to Lewiston, the county seat of Fulton. To save a journey of eight or ten days travel through an unsettled country, they concluded to advertise the intended marriage, which would obviate the necessity of license. Consequently marriage notices were posted on the gate of the fort, the door of the Agency House, and other conspicuous places.

Squire Hamlin remained in Chicago six weeks, the time required by law for the marriage notices to run, and then married the happy couple. After the wedding Dr. Wolcutt employed an Indian to take Hamlin to Peoria in a bark canoe.

In the summer of 1825, an Indian trader of

Chicago, wishing to enter the matrimonial state, and finding no one authorized to administer the rite, conceived the novel idea of going where licenses could be obtained and marriages performed. Accordingly he took his intended bride with the bridesmaid and groomsman in an Indian canoe to Peoria, obtained license of John Dixon, then county clerk, and was married by John Hamlin, a justice of the peace, when they returned to Chicago the same way they came, after spending fifteen days on the wedding tour.

CHAPTER IV.

GEN. CASS AMONG THE POTTAWATOMIES.

On a bright warm morning in the summer of 1827, while the family of John Kinzie, with a number of guests, were eating breakfast, a loud musical voice was heard upon the river. As the song progressed the singer became more animated, and one said to another, is that the voice of Robert Forsythe? when all agreed that it was none other. The party left their meal unfinished, and on reaching the front porch they saw a canoe coming down the river, the oarsman propelling it forward at a great speed, while the songster continued his musical notes on a high key. On landing at the Fort the occupants of the canoe were found to be Gen. Cass, Robert Forsythe, his private secretary, a nephew of John Kinzie, with a number of Indians, who acted as oarsmen and interpre-

ters. Gen. Cass and party had come from Jefferson Barracks to Chicago in a bark canoe, having descended the Mississippi river from Prairie du Chien to that place in a keel boat.

At that time the Winnebago Indians were at war with the settlers in the mining regions and Upper Mississippi country, aud it was thought the Pottawatomies were about to join them. Gen. Cass being the general Indian Agent of the Northwest, made this tour through the Pottawatomie country to pacify them, and prevent them, if possible, from becoming allies of the Winnebagoes. The arrival of Gen. Cass in Chicago brought to the citizens the first intimation of the Winnebago war, which caused much alarm among them, as they were without any protection, no troops being stationed at Fort Dearborn at that time.

In the winter of 1855, while in conversation with Gen. Cass, he said that his voyage up the Illinois river was the most pleasant part of all his travels in the West. His canoe was of Indian structure, made of bark, large, light and strong, and rowed by a number of Indians, giving it speed almost equal to a steamboat. He said the Indians along the river treated him with much respect, supply-

ing his party with venison, fish, honey, etc. Gen. Cass spoke of a number of Indian chiefs with whom he met, especially of Senachwine and Shaubena—the former he considered a great orator.

Gen. Cass stopped at a number of places on the Illinois river, sending messages to Indian villages, requesting the chiefs and warriors to meet him in council. He had many talks with the Indians, gave them silver medals with other trinkets, as a token of friendship, and they all promised to remain at peace and take no part in the Winnebago war.

Gen. Cass met a party of Indians at the mouth of Spoon river, and met others at Comos village on the present site of Chillicothe. While at this village, he employed two young warriors to visit a number of villages, asking the chiefs to meet him on the following day at the mouth of Robinson's river (now known as Bureau creek). These runners visited the village of Senachwine, Autuckee, Shaubena, Waba, and Waubonsie. All of these chiefs on being notified, mounted their ponies and started for the place of meeting.

After a talk at Comos village, Gen. Cass

and party ascended the river to a trading house belonging to the American Fur Company, where they remained over night and part of the following day, awaiting the arrival of the Indian chiefs.

A meeting was held on the west side of the river, on a high piece of ground, where the trading house of DeBeuro formerly stood, and since known as Hickory Ridge. Speeches were made by a number of chiefs in reply to Gen. Cass' address, the best of feeling prevailed, and medals were distributed among them.

Gen. Cass and party stayed over night at the residence of Dr. David Walker at Ottawa, and gave the inhabitants there the first news of the Winnebago trouble. This report of Indian hostilities alarmed the people very much, and they set about building a fortification. At that time there were but three cabins in Ottawa, all of which were on the south side of the river, but south and east along the river timber, a number of claims had been taken by early pioneers. These settlers commenced building a fort so they could protect themselves in case the Pottawatomies should take part in the war. A high knoll on the prairie, one-half mile south of the

river, was selected, and a fort commenced, but after erecting palisades on three sides the work was abandoned. This fort was on a farm now occupied by Col. D. F. Hitt, and relics of it can still be seen in his field.

THE PEACE MESSENGER.

During the Winnebago war, in the summer of 1827, the frontier settlers were very much alarmed, as it was thought the Pottawatomies were about to take part in it, causing a general uprising among the Indians of the West. Emissaries from the Winnebagoes visited many of the Pottawatomie chiefs, some of whom agreed to take part in the war. Shaubena not only refused to join the hostile bands, but mounted his pony and rode through the country, visiting almost every Pottawatomie village in the State, explaining to the chiefs the folly of going to war, and in many cases his arguments were successful. Big Thunder, who had a village on the Kishwaukee, near the present site of Belvidere, had agreed to go to war; but when Shaubena visited him, and pointed out the impossibility of conquering the whites, he changed his mind, returned the wampum

which the Winnebagoes had sent him, and concluded to remain at peace.*

Shaubena also visited Big Foot's village at Big Foot lake, but with this chief his mission proved a failure. Big Foot was in favor of a union of all the Western tribes for the purpose of making war on the frontier settlers, and drive them from the country. He had promised the noted Winnebago chief, Red Bird, to join his forces, and should take up the tomahawk when the proper time came.

Soon after this interview with Shaubena, Big Foot and his band came to Chicago for the purpose of drawing their annual payment from the Government, and while here their conduct was such as to alarm the citizens. The night after drawing their money some of the Indians painted their faces, danced around the Agency House, singing war songs, and occasionally yelling at the top of their voice. On the following night Fort Dearborn was struck by lightning, and

* The dried and mouldering remains of the famous Indian chief, Big Thunder, were, as late as the summer of 1840, a conspicuous object on a height near the city of Belvidere, the remains being surrounded by a palisade, and by the side of them were a rifle, tomahawk, knife, pipe, and a quantity of tobacco. (History of DeKalb County.)

set on fire, when a number of buildings were burned. Big Foot and his band stood by as idle spectators, and refused to render any assistance in extinguishing the flames.

The Indians were encamped among the scattering trees north of the river, and appeared shy and unfriendly, avoiding conversation with the whites as much as possible. The warriors were frequently noticed engaged in earnest conversation with each other, and when other Indians approached, they would stop talking, showing that they had secrets which they kept to themselves.

After a few days the band left for their village, but going away secretly during the night, and their strange conduct while here, caused people to think they meditated evil.

Next day, after Big Foot's band left Chicago, the citizens called a meeting, which was attended by whites, half-breeds and Indians, when matters pertaining to their safety were discussed. At this meeting it was agreed to send messengers to Big Foot's village to get an explanation of the strange conduct of the band and to ascertain if possible, what they intended to do. Shaubena and Billy Caldwell were selected as messengers, and on the

following morning they started on their mission.

SHAUBENA A PRISONER AT BIG FOOT'S VILLAGE.

Big Foot Lake (now known as Geneva Lake) on account of its fine scenery, has of late become a celebrated watering place, but it was none the less beautiful while in a state of nature. Its picturesque scenery and its romantic surroundings will remind a person of the upper end of a lake, bearing the same name in Switzerland. At some places the bold rocky bluff covered with evergreens, extends to the water's edge, while at other points it recedes back, forming in front a beautiful plateau where the clear blue water of the lake is reached by a gravelly beach. At the head of the lake on a strip of table-land, consisting of rich prairie and partly surrounded by timber, stood Big Foot's village, a place of much note during the early settlement of the country.

Big Foot is described by those who knew him well, as a large, raw-boned, dark visage Indian, with a countenance bloated by intemperance, and it is said he ruled over his band

with despotic sway, trying to make his will the law.

When Shaubena and Billy Caldwell came to the top of the bluff, overlooking the village, they stopped to consult on a plan of proceedings, and it was agreed that Caldwell should secrete himself among a cluster of evergreens to watch the proceedings, while Shaubena rode into town. The meeting of the chiefs was not of a friendly character. Big Foot accused Shaubena of being a friend of the whites and a traitor to his tribe, saying had it not been for him, Billy Caldwell and Robinson, all of the Pottawatomies would unite with the Winnebagoes and take part in the war. In reply to this, Shaubena said he could not assist the Winnebagoes in making war on the whites, as they were so strong that they must eventually conquer, and the war would result in their ruin. A large number of warriors had collected around the two chiefs listening to their angry conversation, when Big Foot became so enraged that he grasped his tomahawk and made an attempt to kill Shaubena, but the warriors prevented him from doing so. The warriors took away Shaubena's rifle, tomahawk, knife and blanket, and after binding

his hands with buckskin thongs, led him away a prisoner to an unoccupied wigwam, where he was guarded by two warriors to prevent his escape.

THE CAPTIVE'S RETURN.

Billy Caldwell, from his hiding place on the bluff, watched the proceedings at the village and when he saw Shaubena stripped of his arms, bound and led away, probably for execution, he became alarmed, fearing he might meet a like fate, consequently he mounted his pony and left for Chicago. On arriving at Chicago and reporting Shaubena either killed or a prisoner at Big Foot's village, the people were greatly alarmed, as their worst fears were now confirmed. Shaubena had been known by the people at Chicago for a long time, being held in high estimation by both whites and Indians, and all were grieved at his loss. But while the excitement was at its height, Shaubena, with his pony covered with foam, appeared among them, causing much rejoicing on account of his safe return.

The night following Shaubena's captivity a council was called to decide the fate of the

prisoner. At this council the warriors came to the conclusion that it would be unsafe to keep Shaubena a prisoner, as his band and other bands, as well as the whites at Chicago, would come to his rescue, and if executed his death would be avenged. Big Foot was in favor of executing the prisoner, but the warriors decided to set him free. Next morning Shaubena was liberated, his pony, arms, etc., returned, when he left in haste for Chicago. As Shaubena mounted his pony a friend whispered in his ear telling him to make all haste for he would be followed by Big Foot and killed if overtaken by him. Soon after Shaubena left, Big Foot with four warriors, started in pursuit of him; putting their ponies on a gallop they followed his trail many miles, but the chief being aware of pursuit and mounted on a fleet pony, succeeded in making his escape.

HOOSIERS TO THE RESCUE OF CHICAGO.

Fort Dearborn was vacated in the fall of 1823, and not permanently occupied again with troops, until the third of October, 1828, consequently, for five years, the citizens of Chicago were without protection. The fort

Shaubena's Escape from Big Foot.

was in the care of Dr. Alexander Wolcott, the Indian agent, who lived in the officers' quarters, while some of the block houses were used for dwellings, by traders and hunters.

The inhabitants of Chicago consisted principally of French, and half-breeds, with a few Yankee adventurers, who were engaged in the fur trade. The citizens had always been on good terms with the Indians, and were in the habit of exchanging friendly visits; but now war existed between the whites and Winnebagoes, and it was not known how soon the Pottawatomies would join them. Big Foot's band was ready to take up the tomahawk, and it was feared other bands would follow suit. It was known that the bands controlled by Billy Caldwell, Robinson and Shaubena, were loyal, but the country for two hundred miles, in all directions, was in the possession of the Indians, who were liable to raise the tomahawk at any time. Shaubena offered to bring his warriors to Chicago, and guard it, if it became necessary, and his proposition the people hailed with much enthusiasm.

While the people were greatly alarmed on account of their exposed condition, a meet-

ing was called at the Agency House, for the purpose of advising some plan of relief. After some discussion, it was agreed that a messenger should be sent forthwith to the Wabash settlement, to obtain assistance. Col. G. S. Hubbard was selected for this mission, but some of the citizens objected to his leaving at that critical time; if they should be attacked by savages, no one was so capable of controlling the Indians as he.* But as no other person appeared fitted for the mission, Mr. Hubbard filled his saddle bags with provisions, mounted his horse, and left for the Wabash settlement, which he reached on the third day. On arriving at Danville, and making his errand known, messengers were dispatched to different neighborhoods, calling for volunteers, when the hardy back-woodsmen responded to the call, picked up their rifles, mounted their horses, and hastened to the rescue.

* In the summer of 1818, Gurdon S. Hubbard, then a youth of sixteen years of age, came in an Indian canoe from St. Joseph to Chicago. At that time but two white families (except the garrison) were living in Chicago, John Kinzie's and Antoine Ouilmette's. For a number of years, Mr. Hubbard belonged to the American Fur Company, having charge of different trading posts on the Illinois and Kankakee rivers. While engaged in the fur trade, he made Chicago his head-quarters, and located here permanently in the year 1834, where he still lives, in the enjoyment of health and vigor.

Ten days after Col. Hubbard left for the Wabash, he returned to Chicago with about one hundred volunteers, armed and equipped for service. But soon after their arrival, an express came through from Galena, bringing the good tidings that the Winnebago war was over, peace made, and Red Bird a prisoner.

CHAPTER V.

FOX RIVER INDIAN MISSION.

Probably the most energetic minister and missionary among the Indians, and early pioneer settlers, was Elder Jesse Walker, of the Methodist church. Elder Walker was a short, heavy set man, very dark skinned, walked erect, with an independent pompous bearing, and possessed great energy and force of character. He was a bold, undaunted missionary, bearing the standard of the cross triumphantly in the wilds of the West, among red men as well as white, making proselytes wherever he went. In 1806, Elder Walker, accompanied by Bishop McKendree, came to Illinois, and for many years traveled in the southern part of the State, holding camp meetings, and establishing churches. He established the first church in Peoria, the first one in Chicago, and with

great success preached to the Indians, and early pioneers along the Illinois river.

Elder Walker was appointed by the Methodist Conference a missionary among the Indians, and in the summer of 1824 he built the first cabin on the present site of Ottawa. This was in the center of the Indian country, and far away from any permanent settlement. Some of the Indians appeared unfriendly to Walker, being displeased with him for building a cabin among them, and gave him to understand that he was not welcome. The Elder became discouraged, thinking his mission a failure, and was about to abandon the enterprise when a circumstance occurred which gave him fresh courage, and finally led to his success.

One morning, while the Elder was at prayer, with his household kneeling around the family altar, an Indian rapped lightly on the door with the end of his ramrod. He was a tall, fine looking Indian, dressed in a ruffled buck-skin hunting shirt, with a wreath of eagle feathers around his head, a rifle on his shoulder, a tomahawk and scalping knife in his belt. Elder Walker met the Indian at the door, who grasped his hand, pressing it in a friendly manner, and at the same time

exclaiming "Me Shaubena." Walker invited his visitor into the house, and entered into conversation with him, but his English being bad, he understood but little. As Shaubena left the cabin for his camp, which was about one mile away, he gave the Elder to understand that he would be back soon. In a short time Shaubena returned, bringing with him a quarter of venison and a wild turkey, as a present to his new found friend, and accompanied by a half-breed, named George Forqua, who spoke good English, and acted as an interpreter.

Elder Walker told Shaubena that he had come among his people to teach Christianity, and instruct them in the ways of civilization. Although Shaubena took no stock in this new religion, believing that of his father's preferable to any other, nevertheless he was willing to assist the Elder in establishing a mission by introducing him to his people. The Elder accompanied Shaubena to his camp, where he was introduced to the squaws and hunters present, and an hour or more was spent in singing and praying. On the following day, Elder Walker, accompanied by Shaubena and George Forqua, made a tour through the country, in search of a

suitable place to establish a mission. They visited a number of places along the Illinois and Fox rivers, calling at several villages, Shaubena giving Elder Walker an introduction to his friends. A place was finally selected at a point of timber east of Fox river, and about sixteen miles from its mouth, now known as Mission Point. Here a mission was established, consisting of a chapel, a school house, and two or three dwellings occupied by teachers and employes of the institution. At one time a large number of Indian children attended school here, and each Sabbath the chapel was filled with Indians to hear preaching. John Dew, James Walker, and Pearce Hawley, were connected with this mission as teachers and religious instructors, and called around them a large number of converts. For a time, it was a success, but in 1830 the chapel burned down, when the mission was abandoned.

On the 4th of July, 1829, there was a celebration at the mission, consisting of a few whites, with a large number of Indians. An old chief, named Sheatee, became very patriotic, made a speech to his warriors, and sang a number of war songs. He had two old flags of revolutionary times, one British,

the other American. The American flag was raised on a high, straight pole, while the British flag was by the side of it, on a short, crooked, leaning one, representing the eagle triumphing over the lion and unicorn.

PIONEER SETTLEMENTS.

At the time of the Black Hawk war all the north part of the State was an unbroken wilderness, except a few trading posts and the mining settlement about Galena. The country was in the possession of Indians; had not been surveyed by the Government, nor explored to any great extent by the hunter or early pioneer.

In 1827, a road was opened direct from Peoria to Galena, connecting the mining region with the settled part of the State, and known as Kellogg's trail. This road soon became a great thoroughfare over which passed a daily mail coach, and crowds of people going to and from the lead mines. A few persons located on this road in advance of the settlement for the purpose of entertaining travelers, and keeping stage teams. Joseph Meredith built a cabin on Senachwine, Charles S. Boyd at Boyd's

Grove, Henry Thomas on Bureau, Dad Joe at Dad Joe's Grove, John Dixon at Dixon's Ferry, Mr. Kellogg at Kellogg's Grove, and Mr. Winter on Apple river. With the exception of the Peoria and Galena road, all thoroughfares in the unsettled parts of the State were only trails, and traveled alike by whites and Indians. An Indian trail connected Galena with Chicago by the roundabout way of Big Foot, (now Geneva Lake); a dim one was traveled between Dixon's Ferry and Chicago; but the most important one was the great Sac and Fox trail extending from Rock Island to the south end of Lake Michigan, over which Black Hawk with many of his warriors passed in going to and from Canada. The largest settlement north of the Illinois river, was on Bureau creek, consisting of about thirty families. A few cabins were built north of the great bend in the Illinois river, and on the site of Peru; two at La Salle, eight or ten on Indian creek, five or six at Holderman's Grove, and a number about Plainfield. A few families had settled on Fox river as high up as Newark, and there was quite a settlement in the vicinity of Ottawa.

The settlers were mostly hardy back-woods-

men, who had come West for the purpose of securing a home. They were poor, many of whom possessed nothing but their scanty, household goods, a span of horses, or a team of cattle. But the most of them were in the prime of life, enterprising, bold and daring, skilled in the use of a rifle, accustomed to exposure and danger, being of that class of pioneers found everywhere in the early settlement of a new country. When hostilities commenced there was a great panic among the settlers, who were unprepared to defend themselves, consequently they fled from their homes, some going to Hennepin, some to Peoria, others to Ottawa or Chicago, while a few left the country, never to return. A fort was built by the settlers at Hennepin, one at Florid, one on Sandy creek in the south part of Putnam county. Old Fort Clark at Peoria was repaired, and some of the citizens took refuge in it for a few days. Major Baxter, with two companies of rangers from St. Clair and Madison counties, built a fort at the residence of Henry Thomas, on West Bureau, four miles north of the present site of Wyanet. A fort was built on the south side of the Illinois river, opposite Peru, by State troops, and called Fort Wil-

born, and another was built at Ottawa by Major Pugh, who came there with two companies of volunteers.

BULBONA, COL. TAYLOR AND JEFF. DAVIS.

Pierre Bulbona was an Indian trader, a Frenchman by birth, but who had spent his youthful days among the Indians in the wilds of the West. His wife was a Pottawatomie squaw, with whom he had lived many years, and raised a large family of half-breed children. Mrs. Bulbona was a sister to the wife of Antoine Ouilmette, who lived at Chicago at the time of the massacre in 1812, and whose widow, with Mrs. Bulbona, obtained from the Government a reservation of land on the Kankakee river, where some of the family still reside.

Nearly half a century ago Bulbona built a double log cabin on the Peoria and Galena road, two miles southwest of the present site of Wyanet, at a grove of timber which still bears his name. One of these cabins was occupied as a dwelling, and the other filled with goods for the Indian trade. Bulbona exercised much influence over the Indians, was successful as a trader, and accu-

mulated quite a fortune. A short time before the Black Hawk war, one of Bulbona's daughters was married to a French trader, and a large party of friends, both French and Indians, were invited to the wedding, and celebrated the nuptials with a dance. At night, while in the midst of the dance, a carriage containing four travelers arrived, and asked for entertainment. Bulbona did not keep a tavern, but as houses on the road were from fifteen to twenty miles apart, travelers frequently stopped with him. The host told the guests that he could not entertain them, as his house was full, but seeing by their uniform they were officers belonging to the United States Army, he invited them in to get something to drink, and see the wedding party. The invitation was accepted, the travelers entered the house, were introduced to the wedding party, and feeling at home in pleasant company, they remained there for several hours.

For the names and description of the travelers, and what occurred at Bulbona's house, I am indebted to Mr. Kilgore, who was one of the party. Three of the travelers were dressed in United States uniform, and the epaulettes on their shoulders showed them

to be a Colonel, a Captain, and a Lieutenant. The Colonel was a middle-aged man, heavy set, with broad shoulders, dark complexion, prominent nose, under lip projecting, and his face indicated a person of decision and force of character. This man was Zachariah Taylor, late President of the United States. The Lieutenant was a young man, tall and slim, with a high forehead, a large Roman nose, prominent but irregular features, and looked like a person possessing fine mental faculties. This young man was Jeff. Davis, ex-president of the Southern Confederation. The Captain's name was Smith ; he belonged to Col. Taylor's regiment, but nothing is known of his history.

These officers were on a leave of absence to visit friends in the South, and were now returning to their regiment quartered at Prairie du Chien, Col. Taylor being at that time commander of Fort Crawford, and the other officers belonged to his regiment. At Peoria they found the stage filled with passengers, consequently they employed Mr. Kilgore to carry them to Galena in his light covered spring wagon. Bulbona was very polite to his visitors, treating them to different kinds of liquor which had been prepared for

the occasion, and soon the officers, as well as the wedding party, were under its influence.

THE DANCE AND TRAGEDY.

Soon after the officers arrived, the dance was resumed, and continued until a late hour of the night. The style of the dance was partly French and partly Indian, and with the dancers all was joy and mirth. Above the sound of the music and merry laughs of the party could be heard the dancers' feet rattling on the rough puncheon floor. The Indians on the outside of the house, fronting the doors and windows, being animated by the music within, carried on the dance in their own way, jumping up and down, and sometimes yelling at the top of their voice. Lieut. Davis took part in the dance, and soon became the leading spirit of the party. His tall, manly form was conspicuous among the dancers, sometimes imitating the French style of dancing, then the Indian, then again going it on his own footing, like at an old-fashioned Kentucky hoe down.

Among the wedding party was a niece of Mrs. Bulbona, a young squaw of great per-

Dance at Bulbona's.—Jeff. Davis waltzing with a Squaw.

sonal attraction, who danced in her Indian style with much grace. Lieut. Davis became fascinated with her charms, and danced with her in almost every set. Being now under the influence of liquor, he would do many remarkable things, sometimes changing the order of the dance to suit his fancy. When quadrilles were danced he would change it into a waltz, so he could have his arms around the waist of the young squaw; then again, freeing himself from her, he would dance with all his might, causing his tall form to jerk and wriggle as it swayed to and fro. Sometimes jumping up and down in quick succession, and yelling at the top of his voice, in imitation of the Indians at the door. Col. Taylor and Capt. Smith took no part in the dance, but sat in one corner of the room looking on, and almost splitting their sides with laughter.

Lieut. Davis being under the influence of liquor, and fascinated with his fair partner in the dance, took improper liberties with her, which she resented with contempt. The young squaw, feeling herself insulted in the presence of the company, became very indignant, and informed her brother of it. Her brother, a tall, athletic Indian, was very

angry on account of this insult to his sister, and felt determined to punish the offender. Being quite drunk, his brain frenzied by anger and whisky, he went up to Lieut. Davis, and in bad English accused him of insulting his sister, at the same time pulling his nose. Davis, who never lacked courage, pushed the Indian from him, and drew forth a pistol. The Indian, with a fiendish smile, drew from its scabbard a long scalping knife, and was prepared to meet his antagonist in a deadly combat. The dance stopped, the women screamed, and all was confusion and alarm; every one expected to see the death of one or both of the parties. But in an instant Col. Taylor sprang between the combatants, and thereby prevented the effusion of blood. After this tragical affair the travelers left Bulbona's residence, and found entertainment at Henry Thomas', six miles distant on their way.

No doubt, such acts as those above narrated caused Col. Taylor to denounce Jeff. Davis as a wild, unscrupulous profligate, unfit to be the husband of his daughter. But notwithstanding Col. Taylor's dislike of Davis, the latter ran off with and married his daughter. By this act Davis forfeited

his commission in the army, left the regiment, and located in the State of Mississippi. Col. Taylor did not become reconciled with his profligate son-in-law, and for fifteen years they neither met nor corresponded.

On the battle field of Buena Vista Jeff. Davis, commanding a regiment of Mississippi volunteers, stormed and took possession of the Mexican batteries, and thereby saved the battle. Then for the first time since Davis left Prairie du Chien, Gen. Taylor rode up to him, taking his hand, expressed his approbation of his heroic conduct, saying his daughter was a better judge of his ability than himself, after all.

CHAPTER VI.

BORDER LIFE.

Most of the early settlers of this country were hardy back-woodsmen, capable of enduring the exposure, danger and deprivations common to border life. To secure a home for themselves and families, they penetrated the wilds of the West in advance of civilization, where they were deprived of schools, churches and luxuries of life, with Indians for neighbors and associates. Their dwellings were pole shanties, or a rude log cabin, with a puncheon floor, a clapboard door, and in some cases their furniture consisted of a hewed puncheon for a table, stool for seats and poles fastened into the walls for bedsteads. A team of horses, or cattle, a rifle, and a few household goods, constituted their entire wealth, and they were ready at any time to sell their claim for a trifle, or abandon it, to go further West into the unsettled country. They were a brave, hardy

people, who did not shrink from danger, frequently spending days in hunting to supply their families with meat, ofttimes sleeping on the ground in the open air, eating their lunch or a meal prepared from game only. In time of great danger, they carried their rifle with them wherever they went, to the field of labor to the marriage feast, and to the place of worship. Although the early pioneers were mostly illiterate, they possessed a large stock of common sense, such as books do not teach, nor is found in classical studies at colleges. Necessity is said to be the mother of inventions. The early settlers exemplified this adage, as they were obliged to rely on their own resources, making their own farming implements, grinding their grain in a coffee-mill, or pounding it on a hominy block, living on potatoes and wild game much of the time, without the luxuries of life. They learned to make the most of circumstances, performing various kinds of mechanical work, living within their means, and doing without that which they could not obtain. A man may starve with his head full of Greek and Latin, and his pockets filled with diplomas, while one grain of common sense might operate like magic by guiding him in

the way of making a fortune. Many persons have grown gray in the acquisition of learning, without getting a particle of insight to that which is useful, and whose lives are spent with worthless theories without acquiring any practical knowledge.

In the early settlement there were missionaries traveling here and there through the country, preaching to the red man as well as the white. These men possessed zeal and religious enthusiasm, which caused them to overcome every obstacle, penetrating the wilds of the West, and pursuing their sacred calling regardless of danger or exposure. Sometimes having appointments forty or fifty miles apart, traveling back and forth on horseback, carrying in their saddle-bags a pocket bible, a hymn book, with a change of linen. Frequently swimming streams, sleeping in the open air or in an Indian wigwam. Ofttimes suffering from cold and hunger, while traveling from settlement to settlement, preaching a free Gospel, without money and without price.

Following in the wake of the early pioneer and missionaries came the enterprising Yankee, who profited by the labor of those who came before him. Although lacking the ad-

venturous spirit of the former, and the zeal and energy of the latter, he nevertheless introduced into the new settlements literature, good morals, and did much to make this country what it now is.

In the early settlement the country was infested with thieves, counterfeiters and cutthroats, some of whom were outlaws from other States. These desperadoes were organized into bands and became the terror of the country, passing counterfeit money, stealing horses, waylaying and murdering travelers while going through unsettled groves. The difficulty of punishing these outlaws by a legal process caused people to take vengeance in their own hands, and a number of these bandits were executed by mob violence.

SHAUBENA'S RELIGION.

Missionaries among the Indians always found a reliable friend in Shaubena, and his wigwam was frequently their home. Although Shaubena assisted Elder Walker in establishing his mission, and frequently listened to his preaching, he never joined his church, nor became a convert to the Christian religion.

In the summer of 1830 the Rev. Adam Payne, while acting as a missionary among the Indians, visited Shaubena's village, and for a number of days preached to his band. Payne was accompanied by an interpreter named Mike Girty, a half-breed, belonging to the village of Indiantown, who did much toward making his missionary labors a success. Notwithstanding Girty was an unbeliever in Christianity, a thief and cutthroat, he interpreted Payne's sermons in a fervent manner, making many converts wherever they went. Twenty-seven of Shaubena's band were baptized, among whom were one of his squaws and two of his daughters; but all of Payne's eloquence and persuasive arguments could not make a Christian of the old chief. He thought the religion of his fathers preferable to Christianity, and this faith he adhered to until his death. In speaking of the Christian religion, Shaubena said he never could understand the story of the cross; how God became an infant, a boy, a man, and permitted himself to die an ignominious death on the cross.

Shaubena, according to the statements of those who knew him well, was very pious,

frequently praying with his family and friends, and once a year offered up sacrifices to the Great Spirit.

SHAUBENA AS A TEMPERANCE LECTURER.

In the summer of 1829 an Indian trader, by the name of George Whitney, a Connecticut Yankee, came to Shaubena Grove for the purpose of trading with the Indians. Whitney had a covered wagon drawn by a span of mules, and his stock in trade consisted of various articles of Indian traffic, including a barrel of whisky. With this trader was a young half-breed named Spike, who was a good natured, jolly fellow, performing the duties of teamster, cook, salesman and interpreter.

Whitney pitched his tent in the edge of the grove, near the Indian village, turned out his mules to feed on the prairie, and for a number of days he had an excellent trade, especially in whisky. Notwithstanding he watered his whisky, and sold it at an exorbitant price, many of the Indians got drunk on it, became noisy and abusive to their families. Shaubena went to Whitney and forbid him selling any more whisky to his

people; but regardless of this warning he continued to deal out the beverage to every one who had means to pay for it.

Shaubena became very angry at the trader for persisting in the sale of whisky, and on going to his tent one morning told him if he did not leave the grove that day he would be at the trouble of moving him. As soon as Shaubena left the tent, Whitney asked Spike what the old chief said, to which he replied, "If you are found here at sunset, your scalp will be seen to-morrow morning hanging on the top of that pole," pointing to a high pole, around which the Indians had their crane dances.

At this announcement Whitney became terribly alarmed, turning deathly pale and trembling all over from head to foot. He ordered Spike to catch the mules and hitch them on the wagon as soon as possible, while he commenced taking down his tent and packing his goods for a hasty departure. When everything was in the wagon, Whitney whipped his mules into a gallop, causing his old go-cart to rattle and creak as it passed swiftly over the prairie in the direction of Chicago, and he was never seen in that part of the country afterward.

DEATH OF KAPAS.

Kapas was the chief of a small band of Pottawatomies, whose village was located on Sycamore creek, near the present site of Coltonville, in De Kalb county. This village was situated on the margin of a large grove by the side of a spring and contained about forty lodges. Their corn fields were near by in a small bottom prairie, and below them was a big sugar camp where they made large quantities of sugar each year. Their furs, pelts and maple sugar were carried every spring to the trading house at Chicago, and exchanged for clothing, arms, ammunition, etc., and to all appearance, Kapas' band were very happy people.

Kapas and Shaubena had long been friends, having served together in the late British war, and scarcely a winter passed without their being associated in a hunting expedition. Friendly visits between these chiefs were very common, and if any trouble existed in Kapas' band Shaubena was always sent for, and his decision was final.

Notwithstanding Kapas had three squaws and many grown up papooses, he was frequently found making love to others, and

this weakness finally sent him to the Indian's happy hunting grounds.

A young hunter of Kapas' band had a very handsome squaw, to whom he had been married but a short time, and the honey-moon had scarcely passed away when he discovered that she was unfaithful to the marriage vows. One night as this young hunter returned to his lodge after spending all day in the chase, he found Kapas occupying his place, and without waiting for an explanation, sent a bullet into his brain, when the chief fell lifeless at the feet of the murderer. The hunter did not try to escape nor shield himself from the fate that awaited him, but hastened to Kapas' lodge, told what he had done, and presented his bare breast to a son of the fallen chief to take revenge according to Indian custom. On the following day all the band collected around the lodge of the fallen chief to attend to the funeral rites and avenge his death. Shaubena having been sent for, appeared as one of the mourners and witnessed the execution of the murderer. All things being ready, the young hunter with his face blacked, presented himself to the executioner, who was a son of the murdered chief, when he sent a rifle ball through

his heart, thus avenging his father's death.

On a high piece of ground a short distance from the village, the remains of the chief were entombed according to Indian custom, the body being placed on the ground in a sitting position surrounded by stones to keep it upright, and the tomb enclosed with high palisades to protect it from wolves and dogs. His rifle, tomahawk, knife, pipe and tobacco were placed by his side, and the body was thus left to decay.

A few years after the death of Kapas the band went West, and settlers came into the neighborhood, but they did not wish to desecrate the tomb of the chief, and for a long time it remained undisturbed. This tomb was on the farm of Calvin Colton, and for many years remained a great curiosity to the early settlers.

In the fall of 1846, Dr. George Richards with Mr. Colton's permission, took the skeleton of the chief, with the rifle ball which caused his death, still in the skull, to adorn his cabinet of physiological curiosities at his medical school in St. Charles, where it remained on exhibition for some years.

CHAPTER VII.

INDIAN COUNCIL.

In February, 1832, an Indian council, consisting of Sacs and Foxes, Winnebagoes, and Pottawatomies, was held at Indiantown. Black Hawk, Neopope, Little Bear, The Prophet, with many other chiefs of their tribe, were in attendance. Among the Pottawatomie chiefs at this council were Shaubena, Waba, Shick Shack, Meommuse, Waseaw, Sheatee, Kalto, Waubonsie, and Autuckee.

The object of this council was to effect a union of the different tribes for the purpose of making war on the frontier settlements, drive back the tide of emigration, and thereby retain their homes and hunting grounds. The council lasted a number of days, and many speeches were made for and against this union. The Prophet was the leading

spirit of the council; his zeal and fine oratory had much influence over the other chiefs. In a speech he said, "If all the tribes are united, their warriors will be like the trees of the forest," to which Shaubena replied, "Yes, but the soldiers of the whites will outnumber the leaves on the trees."

Senachwine, the great advocate of peace, was now in his grave, having died a few months before, but there was one left to take his place; this was Shaubena, styled by the Indians, "The white man's friend." Shaubena was not a great orator, but his reputation for honesty and good judgment atoned for the lack of eloquence, and gave him great influence over his brother chiefs. After the death of Black Partridge and Senachwine no chief among the Pottawatomies exercised so much influence over the warriors as Shaubena, and he did more than any other one in preventing them from taking part in the war. Black Hawk, while a prisoner at Jefferson Barracks, in the fall of 1832, said to Thomas Forsyth, the former agent for the Sacs and Foxes, had it not been for Shaubena, the whole Pottawatomie nation would have joined his standard, and then he could have

continued the war against the whites for years, and dictated his own terms of peace.

While in conversation with Shaubena, a few years after the war, he said if he had favored the union of the different tribes, all the Pottawatomies in the State would have taken part with Black Hawk, and a general war followed.

At the Indiantown council, all the Pottawatomie chiefs except Waubonsie took part with Shaubena, against the union of the different tribes, when the convention broke up without effecting the object for which it was called.

Some of the early settlers, living near Indiantown, among whom were Leonard Roth and Amos Leonard, noticed this large collection of Indians at their village, but did not know for what purpose they had met. Mr. Rath describes the Prophet as a large, fine-looking Indian, in the prime of life, wearing a white buckskin head-dress, which was raised high above the crown, and capped with a bunch of eagle feathers. Around his ankles he wore a wreath of small bells, which jingled at each step, and in his nose and ears were large gold rings.

ALARMING SIGNALS.

When the Sacs and Foxes crossed the Mississippi in April, 1832, a son of Black Hawk and Little Bear, a chief of some note, left the band at the mouth of Rock river, and came East, visiting many Pottawatomie villages for the purpose of inducing the warriors to become their allies. These chiefs came to Indiantown and had a talk with Autuckee, Meommuse, and some of the principal warriors, all of whom refused assistance. They next visited Senachwine's village, but met with no better success. Young Kalto, then head chief, said that he promised his father (Senachwine) before his death never to raise the tomahawk against the whites.

At that time Shaubena with his whole band were encamped at a point of timber two miles southeast of the present site of Princeton, and here the hostile chiefs met him. Joel Doolittle and C. C. Corse, whose cabins stood near by, noticed these emissaries with painted faces and peculiar head-dresses, in Shaubena's camp, but could not account for the strange conduct of the Indians on their arrival. Among the band there appeared to

be great excitement, loud talk with rapid gestures, and amid the confusion the camp was broken up, ponies caught and all left in haste.

On the prairie about three miles north of Shaubena's encampment, John Hall, one of the early settlers, with a loaded wagon, had stuck fast in a slough, and while trying to get out, the band, consisting of warriors, squaws and papooses, with their ponies on a canter, came up to him. Shaubena stopped to assist Mr. Hall out of the slough, and as he left, remarked that he had bad news and feared there was trouble ahead.

Next day after Shaubena left Bureau, Indians were seen riding across the prairies at full speed conveying war tidings to different bands. On the following night signal fires were lighted all over the country, and in every grove where Indians were encamped, the smoke of these fires was seen to ascend, and within two days all the Indians had left the neighborhood. The settlers had not heard of Black Hawk's band crossing the Mississippi, but they noticed this strange conduct of the Indians. Regarding these signs as harbingers of evil, great alarm was

caused among them, and some fled from the country without waiting for further warning.

TIDINGS OF WAR.

As soon as Shaubena learned that Black Hawk's band had crossed the Mississippi he started on a mission among his friends to inform them of the fact, and also to get them to use their influence to prevent the Pottawatomies from taking part in the impending war. For two weeks Shaubena traveled over the country, visiting many villages, and advised the chiefs and warriors to remain at peace. While on this tour he called on Simon Crozier, at the mouth of Big Vermillion, and on George E. Walker at Ottawa, informing them that Black Hawk was on the war path. Both of these men were Indian traders; had much influence with the warriors, and they used it to keep them from joining the Sacs and Foxes. After visiting a number of Indian villages on the Illinois and Des Plaines rivers, Shaubena reached Chicago, and conveyed to the citizens there the first intelligence of Black Hawk's band crossing the Mississippi river. Shaubena, accompanied by Robinson and Billy Caldwell,

called on Col. Owen, the Indian agent at Fort Dearborn, who received them kindly, and prepared a dinner for his distinguished visitors. The day following Shaubena's arrival in Chicago, R. M. Young, Benj. Mills and Col. Strode came here for the purpose of attending court, the former acting as judge, and the two latter as attorneys, practicing their profession. They came from Galena, following an Indian trail from Dixon's Ferry to Chicago and camping out each night. Judge Young and friends confirmed the report brought by Shaubena the day before, that Black Hawk's band was then ascending Rock river.

It was agreed between Shaubena, Robinson and Caldwell that a council should be held on the following week, at an Indian village on the Des Plaines river, for the purpose of adopting a peace policy. The three chiefs now set about making preparations for this council by giving notice to chiefs and warriors of the different villages, and by this means a large attendance was secured.

CHAPTER VIII.

BLACK HAWK ON THE WAR PATH.

In the spring of 1830, when Black Hawk's band returned to their village after the winter hunt, in accordance with their former custom, they found the Government had sold the land on which it stood. The purchasers of this land were in possession of their cornfields, and some of them living in their wigwams. Black Hawk called on the Indian agent, Thomas Forsyth, at Rock Island, and also on his friends, Col. George Davenport and Antoine Le Clair, for counsel and advice, all of whom advised him to abandon his village and go west of the Mississippi river. Black Hawk sent a messenger to St. Louis, to see Gov. Clark, the general Indian agent of the West, asking him to redress his wrongs; but the governor replied that he could do nothing for him, giving the same

advice as his friends at Rock Island, "Go West."

Some years after this affair, while in conversation with Antoine Le Clair, the interpreter for the Sacs and Foxes, he said when Black Hawk found his village was sold he cried like a child, blacked his face, and for three days prayed to the Great Spirit. Black Hawk contended at that time, and also contended until the day of his death, that he never had sold his village, and to regain possession of it was now the great object of his life.

From that time he became melancholy and morose, brooding over the wrongs he had received from the whites, and, according to the statement of Samps, a half-breed, was seldom seen to smile afterward. Black Hawk from that time meditated revenge, and, like Tecumseh, tried to unite the tribes of the West in a war against the whites. Runners were sent among the different tribes, both east and west of the Mississippi, persuading them to make war on the frontier settlements.

In June, 1830, Black Hawk, accompanied by his son and a chief named Wisshick, with a few warriors, left for Canada. Knowing that the Pottawatomies would have a reli-

gious feast on Bureau about that time, the old chief made arrangements to attend it. In a speech made at this feast, he called on the Pottawatomies to assist him in maintaining his rights; but through the eloquence and influence of Senachwine his plans were defeated.

From here Black Hawk and his friends went to Malden, and laid his case before the British commander of the garrison. The officer advised him to remain peaceably on his lands, and if he had not sold them he would not be molested. From Malden he went to Detroit, to see Gen. Cass, who gave him the same advice as the British officers. After getting the promise of Gen. Cass to do all he could for him in maintaining his rights, he left for the West. Black Hawk, on his return, visited Shaubena, Waba and Waubonsie, all of whom he had been associated with in the war of 1812. Black Hawk remained some time among the Pottawatomies, trying to enlist them in his cause. He attended a great dance at Indiantown, and laid his wrongs before the chiefs of different bands. It was late in the fall when he arrived at his village, and found his people all gone on their winter hunt.

After the Sacs and Foxes were driven from their village, in the summer of 1831, Black Hawk proposed to submit his case to the President of the United States, and abide by his decision. Gov. Clark promised to appoint commissioners to accompany the principal chiefs to Washington, and have all matters in dispute settled; but, from some cause this plan was abandoned, and Black Hawk proceeded with his original designs. Emissaries were now sent among the Winnebagoes, Kickapoos and Pottawatomies, to induce them to make common cause with the Sacs and Foxes.

In the latter part of September, 1831, the Government made a payment to the Pottawatomies, at Chicago, where about four thousand Indians were collected. Among these Indians was a delegation from Black Hawk's band, consisting of two noted chiefs, Wisshick and Neopope, with six warriors. The object of their visit was for the purpose of laying their wrongs before the Pottawatomies, and securing assistance in regaining their village, but, meeting with no encouragement, they left for their home.

Among Black Hawk's councilors was a Winnebago chief, named White Cloud, but

better known as the Prophet, who had a village on Rock river, near the present site of Prophetstown. This chief was now in the prime of life, enterprising, bold and sagacious, possessing superior physical and mental powers, and as an orator had but few equals among the Indians of the West. With his people he bore a triple relation of prophet, priest and king, dictating to them in spiritual as well as temporal matters. His mother was a Sac, a relation of Black Hawk, and probably this fact, as much as his hatred to the whites, caused him to take part in the war. He had great influence over the different tribes, and to him more than any other Indian may be attributed Black Hawk's misfortune.

At the council at Indiantown, in February, 1832, the Pottawatomies refused to take part in the war, when Black Hawk regarded his scheme a failure, and with a sorrowful heart mounted his pony, and left for his home. But some of his friends were not so easily discouraged; the Prophet, Neopope and Wisshick left on a mission at the North, visiting many villages on Rock river, and in Wisconsin. Some of the chiefs accepted the wampum, promising their support in case of war. On

their return, they reported to Black Hawk that all the Pottawatomies at the North, and many of the Winnebagoes, would join him in a war, if he would come up in their country. Black Hawk, deceived by these false statements, made preparation to prosecute his original plans. Accordingly, in April, he crossed the Mississippi, and ascended Rock river, the squaws and papooses in canoes, and warriors mounted on ponies, followed along its banks. Nine miles below Rock Island they were joined by the Prophet with a number of warriors, who came to conduct them up to their village. Before reaching Prophetstown, they were overtaken by an express from General Atkinson, ordering them to return west of the Mississippi, and if his order was not complied with, he would follow them with his troops. Black Hawk returned a message to Atkinson, saying he had no right to make such a demand; that he should not comply with it; that his mission was a peaceful one, his friends having invited him to come up in their country to raise corn. On arriving at Prophetstown, they were met by Col. Henry Gratiot, agent for the Winnebagoes, and White Crow, chief of Turtle village, with twenty-four

warriors. Black Hawk told Col. Gratiot that he had no desire to fight—should not strike the first blow, but if attacked by the troops, he would carry the war into the frontier settlements, and tomahawk every woman and child that came in his way. On reaching Dixon's Ferry, Black Hawk went into Mr. Dixon's house, made some presents, saying his mission was a friendly one, he would commit no depredations on the whites. When Black Hawk reached his destination, near Kishwaukee, he expected to meet a large party of warriors, but was doomed to disappointment, and now discovered that Neopope and Wisshick had deceived him. He was now at the mercy of the whites, and came to the conclusion to make the best terms he could. When Black Hawk found that he was pursued by Stillman's troops, he sent a flag of truce, but the soldiers disregarded it, took the bearers prisoners, and put one of them to death. If this flag had been respected, according to the rules of war, there would have been no fighting, and Black Hawk, failing in the expected support, would have returned west of the Mississippi. Black Hawk, while a prisoner at Jefferson Barracks, said to his friend, Thomas

Forsyth, that he did not expect to carry on a successful war against the whites, but thought if the different tribes joined him, the Government would be willing to treat with him, and return to him his village.

LAST INTERVIEW BETWEEN BLACK HAWK AND SHAUBENA.

Black Hawk's band ascended Rock river about twenty-five miles above Dixon's Ferry near the present site of Byron, and from here they went east into a grove of timber, on a stream since known as Stillman's Run. Not meeting here a large body of warriors, as was expected, Black Hawk became discouraged and dispatched a runner for his old friends in arms, Shaubena and Waubonsie, who, on receiving the message, mounted their ponies and started for his camp. On arriving in camp the two chiefs were warmly greeted by the whole band; chiefs, warriors, squaws and papooses collected around the visitors, shaking hands and applying to them the endearing terms of friends and brothers.

A dinner for the visitors was prepared at Black Hawk's wigwam and the Prophet, Neopope, Little Bear, with other chiefs, were

Last Interview between Black Hawk and Shaubena.

invited guests. Over the wigwam waved the British flag, the one presented to Black Hawk two years before by the commanding officer of Fort Malden. While at dinner the guests were serenaded by a party of young squaws with songs and dances, and with music of drums and rattling gourds.

After dinner Black Hawk took his visitors off in the grove away from the encampment for the purpose of having with them a private conversation. The three chiefs seated themselves on the trunk of a fallen tree, when Black Hawk told his friends the story of his wrongs; how he had been robbed of his home and driven away from the village he loved so well. Said he, "I was born at the Sac Village, and here I spent my childhood, youth and manhood. I like to look upon this place with its surrounding of big rivers, shady groves, and green prairies. Here is the grave of my father, and some of my children; here I expected to live and die and lay my bones by the side of those near and dear unto me; but now in my old age I have been driven from my home, and dare not look again upon this loved spot." Here the old chief's utterance was choked by a flood of tears, and covering his face with a

blanket, he remained for a few moments weeping in silence. After wiping away his tears, he continued, "Before many moons you too will be compelled to leave your home, the haunts of your youth; your villages, cornfields and hunting grounds will be in the possession of the whites, and by them the graves of your fathers will be plowed over, while your people will be driven westward toward the setting sun to find a new home beyond the Father of Waters." Black Hawk, addressing the chiefs, said, "We have always been as brothers; have fought side by side in the British war; have hunted together and slept under the same blanket; we have met in council and at religious feasts; our people are alike and our interest the same."

Black Hawk said he was on the war-path, and if his friends gave him their support, the whites would treat on favorable terms and return to him his village. That runners had been sent to different villages, notifying the chiefs to meet him in council, and if united they would be so strong the troops would not attack them, but would make overtures for peace.

Shaubena in reply, said he could not join

him in a war against the whites; that Gov. Clark and Gen. Cass had made him many presents, some of which he still retained as a token of friendship, and while in possession of these gifts he could not think of raising the tomahawk against their people.

During this interview Waubonsie sat near by, smoking his pipe, taking no part in the conversation, but on finding Shaubena so decided in the matter, he too refused to take part in the contemplated war. However, Waubonsie agreed to attend the council of chiefs, but Shaubena said he would not be present, and after advising Black Hawk to return west of the Mississippi as the only means of saving his people, the two chiefs parted to meet no more.

CHAPTER IX.

SHAUBENA ATTACKED BY RANGERS.

The next day after the interview with Black Hawk, Shaubena went to Dixon's Ferry to offer the service of himself and warriors to Gen. Reynolds. Mounted on his pony and alone, he arrived at Dixon's Ferry the same day that Stillman's rangers reached there, and by them he was treated in a brutal manner, which can only be accounted for when all the facts are understood.

With Gen. Whiteside's volunteers was a worthless vagabond named George McKabe, who was employed as a cook in one of the companies. This McKabe had been with the Indians a number of years, married a squaw, but being too lazy to either work or hunt, he would lie around the village, drinking whisky and stealing from the settlers. When the Indians were driven from their village,

McKabe went with them and also accompanied the band on their return in the spring of 1832.

Black Hawk thought McKabe might be useful as a spy, and therefore advised him to stay with the whites and apprise the band of approaching danger, consequently he went to Fort Armstrong and offered his services as a volunteer.

McKabe while strolling through Stillman's camp at Dixon's Ferry noticed Shaubena on his arrival there and told some of the rangers that he was a Sac Indian belonging to Black Hawk's band, and there as a spy. The rangers believing McKabe's story, dragged Shaubena from his pony, took away his rifle, knife and tomahawk, and abused him in a shameful manner, telling him they had left home to kill Indians, and he should be their first victim. In vain he exclaimed in his bad English, "Me Shaubena; me Pottawatomie; *Ne con che moka man*," (a friend of the white man). A large crowd had collected around Shaubena, some crying out, tomahawk him, scalp him, cut his throat, etc., while others were pleading for his life, saying it was a shame to murder a poor Indian in that way. While these barbarities were being enacted,

a man ran at the top of his speed to Dixon's residence, telling him that the soldiers had Shaubena a prisoner and were about to put him to death. On receiving these tidings, Mr. Dixon hastened to the rescue, where he found the soldiers, who were under the influence of liquor, about to stain their hands with innocent blood.

Mr. Dixon claimed the prisoner as his own, telling the soldiers that he was an old friend, and taking Shaubena by the arm, conducted him to his own house, where he remained his guest for two days. Mr. Dixon introduced Shaubena to Gov. Reynolds, Gen. Atkinson, Col. Taylor and others, and from that time he became a great favorite among both officers and soldiers.

THE COUNCIL BROKEN UP BY STILLMAN'S ARMY.

Black Hawk's band had made extensive preparations for the contemplated council, where the Pottawatomie and Winnebago chiefs were to decide on peace or war. For this occasion, they built a large bower, decorating it with evergreens and flowers, and the ground around it prepared for a war

dance. The country, far and near, had been explored by hunters to obtain choice game, and a number of favorite dogs killed for the feast. Some of the chiefs had already arrived, and others were expected during the night, so the morrow was to decide the fate of Black Hawk's expedition.

While preparations for the council were being perfected, a messenger arrived with his pony on a gallop, bringing tidings of an approaching army. Black Hawk immediately dispatched two warriors, with a white flag, to meet the army, and four others to follow behind, to see what became of the flag-bearers. In a few moments, these messengers came galloping into camp, followed by soldiers in close pursuit, when Black Hawk, with his braves, mounted their ponies, and hastened to their rescue.

As soon as the fighting commenced, the chiefs who had came to attend the council, left in great haste, and did not return again to camp. Waubonsie had just arrived in camp, and was eating his dinner when the fighting commenced ; leaving his meal unfinished, he mounted his pony, putting it on a gallop, and made no halt until he reached his village, at Paw Paw Grove.

The attack on Black Hawk's camp by Stillman's troops, dispersed all the friendly chiefs, and the council, for which great preparations had been made, never took place.

About seven miles from Black Hawk's band were encamped a large number of disaffected Pottawatomies, belonging to different bands, who had collected here for the purpose of taking part in the war. Immediately after the battle of Stillman's Run, these Indians raised the tomahawk, and with a few Sacs and Foxes, scattered over the country, secreting themselves in groves of timber, guarding the main roads, and skulking around the frontier settlements. Girty, with about seventy warriors, left for the Bureau settlement, while Shakee, a petty chief, led another party to the settlement on Fox river. Little Bear, with his warriors, went to the lead mines, where they committed many depredations on settlers, and a small band of warriors from Black Hawk's camp, were secreted for some time in Dad Joe Grove, to intercept travelers on the Peoria and Galena road.

FLIGHT AND DISAFFECTION OF THE POTTAWATOMIES.

When the Pottawatomies learned that Black Hawk's band had crossed the Mississippi river, they considered war inevitable, consequently most of them fled from their homes. Some went west of the Mississippi, others to Chicago, or Ottawa, for the purpose of seeking government protection, while a number of warriors from different bands, joined the Sacs and Foxes. At Shaubena's request, Waubonsie's band left their village at Paw Paw, and camped in his grove, so each band would be protection for the other; and here they remained some days after the commencement of hostilities. Afterward they sent their squaws and papooses, together with the old, infirm Indians, to Ottawa, while the chiefs and warriors joined Atkinson's army, at Dixon's Ferry.

A number of bands were encamped at Chicago when news reached there of a battle having been fought, and Black Hawk's band victorious. On receiving this news, many of the young braves became anxious to take part in the war, and it was with great difficulty the chiefs restrained them. Billy Cald-

well informed Col. Owen, the Indian agent, of this state of affairs, and advised him to call a council, in order to pacify these disaffected warriors. On the following day a council was held under the shade of a burr oak tree, north of Kinzie's residence, and was attended by all the warriors camped at Chicago. At this council, speeches were made by Col. Owen, Col. R. Hamilton, Billy Caldwell, and others; also, by a number of Indian chiefs. Big Foot, who gave the citizens of Chicago much trouble five years before, again showed himself an enemy to the whites. Being under the influence of liquor, and his brain frenzied by a spirit of revenge, he said in a speech that the Government had been unjust to the Pottawatomies in compelling them to sell their land for half its value, and thought it a good time to redress these wrongs. This speech of Big Foot's was much applauded by the disaffected warriors, and some of them became noisy and disorderly. In reply to this speech, Col. Owen said if any of the warriors took part with Black Hawk, the Government would hold the chiefs and bands responsible, and punish them accordingly. This council had a good effect on the dis-

affected young braves, and no more was heard about going to war.

WAUBONSIE.

As the name of this chief appears in connection with many incidents given in this work, a short account of him may interest the reader. Waubonsie was a large, fine-looking Indian, with broad shoulders, high forehead, an intelligent face, and in the latter part of his life became quite corpulent. He had an independent, pompous appearance, overbearing among his people, and not very courteous toward the whites. In a buckskin pouch, he always carried two scalps, taken from the heads of soldiers in the war of 1812, and when under the influence of liquor, he would exhibit them, going through the motions of obtaining these trophies. Waubonsie, at one time, had a village on the Illinois river, near the mouth of Mazon creek, but in the summer of 1824, the band went to Paw Paw Grove, where they lived until the Government moved them West. At one time, Waubonsie was in favor of forming an alliance with the Sacs and Foxes, and at a council at Indiantown, held in Feb-

ruary, 1832, made a speech to that effect, but receiving no support from his people, he joined Atkinson's army, and fought against Black Hawk.

Waubonsie, with his band, went West in the fall of 1836, locating on lands assigned them by Government in Kansas, and in the following year he was killed by a party of Sacs and Foxes for having fought against them in the late war. His scalp was taken off, the body mutilated, and left on the prairie to be devoured by wolves, while his beautiful Rocky Mountain horse was ridden away by one of his murderers.

CHAPTER X.

SETTLERS NOTIFIED OF DANGER.

It was after midnight, as Shaubena lay sleeping on his couch, a messenger arrived in great haste, saying a battle had been fought, and Black Hawk's band victorious. Shaubena knowing that war parties would be sent out immediately to murder defenseless settlers, made a hasty preparation to notify them of their danger. He sent Pypegee, his son, and Pyps, his nephew, to Fox River and Holderman's Grove settlements, while he left for Bureau, and Indian creek. Early in the morning, before it was light, the three messengers mounted their ponies, and started for the settlements.

The 15th of May was a clear, bright day; the sun shining in all its brilliancy, without a cloud in the sky. The prairies were now green with early spring grass, intermixed

with blue-bells, violets, and other May flowers of various hues. The forest trees were in full leaf, and the balmy air was fragrant with blossoms of wild plums and crab apples. All nature appeared clothed in her beautiful garment, while the surroundings were calculated to fill the pioneer's heart with bright prospects of the future.

The settlers on Bureau were busy with their crops—plowing, sowing, and planting, unconscious of danger from their red foe, not knowing that a band of savages were then on the road to murder their wives and little ones. While the settlers were thus engaged, a lone Indian was seen cantering his pony across the prairie, going in a southwestern direction. He was without a gun or blanket, and from his uncovered head locks of long hair were streaming in the wind. His jet black pony was now white with foam, and from its wide extended nostrils came forth loud puffs of breath. This lone Indian was Shaubena, "the white man's friend," and he was now on an errand of mercy.

The first house Shaubena came to was squire Dimmick's, who lived at Dimmick's Grove, near the present site of La Moille. On notifying Dimmick of his danger, he in

reply said "he would stay until his corn was planted," saying "he left the year before, and it proved a false alarm, and he believed it would be so this time." To this statement Shaubena replied, "If you will remain at home, send off your squaw and papooses, or they will be murdered before the rising of to-morrow's sun!" Shaubena had now mounted his pony, and on leaving, raised his hand high above his head, and in a loud voice exclaimed "*Auhaw Puckegee*" (you must leave); and again his pony was on a gallop to notify others. Shaubena's last remark caused Dimmick to change his mind, consequently he put his family into a wagon, and within one hour left his claim, never to return to it again.

John L. Ament was planting corn when the tidings reached him; putting his wife on a horse, and mounting another himself, with his son Thomas, then an infant, in his arms, and on a gallop they left for McLean county, seventy miles distant. Shaubena continued on his way through the settlement, giving notice to Dr. N. Chamberlin, Eli and Elijah Smith, Epperson, Moseley, Musgrave, Doolittle, and others, after which he left for Indian Creek settlement.

FLIGHT OF SETTLERS.

When the settlers on Bureau creek learned that hostilities had commenced they were greatly alarmed, and immediately fled from their homes. People were seen riding in haste across the prairie, conveying the tidings from cabin to cabin, and within a few hours not one person was left in the settlement. Some left in wagons, some on horseback, others on foot. One family whose wagon was broken, left on a sled drawn by a yoke of oxen. It was well they left in haste for the sequel shows a few hours of detention would in all probability have proven fatal to many.

Some of the settlers went to Hennepin, some to Peoria, others to Springfield, where they remained until the war was over, while a few left the country never to return.

During the night of the same day that Shaubena notified the settlers, a band of about seventy warriors, led by the notorious half-breed Girty, came to Bureau and were surprised to find their intended victims had fled. During the night this band of cut-throats visited almost every cabin, in some of which they found the fire still burning on the hearth. These Indians encamped at a

Flight of Settlers.

spring on the edge of the timber, immediately west of the present site of Princeton, where they remained two days, sending out scouts in search of victims. While at this place they captured and burned the Rev. James Sample and wife, an account of which is given in the succeeding chapter.

DEATH OF SAMUEL TAPPEN.

Samuel Tappen was a young man who graduated at a law school in Massachusetts and came West to practice his profession. In the spring of 1832, Tappen landed from a steamboat at Peoria, intending to open a law office at that place or at Lewiston. But before his arrangements were completed, a call was made for volunteers to meet Black Hawk's advancing warriors, consequently Tappen invested his surplus funds in a horse and rifle, enlisted in one of the companies that composed Stillman's army, and went forth in defense of his country.

At the battle of Stillman's Run, Tappen became separated from his comrades and wandered about all night, not knowing what course to take in order to reach Dixon's Ferry. When daylight came he started southward,

hoping to reach the settlement alone, and thus escape from his perils.

Late in the afternoon, Tappen, tired, hungry and bareheaded, (having lost his hat in the flight,) and his horse jaded, came to Shaubena Grove. As he approached the grove he saw two little Indian boys riding a pony, and on coming up with the boys, he gave them some pieces of silver, and by signs and motions gave them to understand that he wanted something to eat. The boys conducted Tappen to Shaubena's lodge, where the squaws prepared him refreshments, while the little fellows led the horse on the prairie to feed on the grass. While Tappen was eating his dinner, a large body of Indians, mounted on ponies, armed with rifles and with their faces painted red, arrived at the village.

The squaws were very much alarmed at the arrival of these warriors, motioning to Tappen to lie down in one corner of the lodge, which he did, and in great haste they covered him up with mats, deerskins, etc. He had scarcely been secreted when two warriors entered the lodge and were engaged in loud and angry conversation with the squaws. These Indians were from Black Hawk's

camp, and on their way to attack the settlements. By some means they learned that Shaubena had gone to notify the settlers of their danger, at which they were very angry, saying if their intended victims had fled, his life should pay for theirs.

After the warriors left the village, the squaws uncovered Tappen, when he got up feeling thankful at having escaped the scalping knife of the hostile band.

The arrival of these hostile warriors caused great excitement in the village; groups of Indians were collected around Shaubena's lodge engaged in conversation, while some of the squaws were crying as though they were bereaved of loved ones. Shaubena, his son and nephew, were gone to warn the settlers of their danger, and seventy warriors were now on their track, and in all probability they would fall victims to these blood-thirsty savages.

Some time after dark, Tappen again mounted his horse to continue his journey, with the expectation of reaching the settlement on the following day, but these expectations were never realized. Smoke, a son of Shaubena, at that time a lad of eleven or twelve years of age, with another boy of about

the same age, accompanied Tappen to the south end of the grove, and gave him directions as to the course he should take. The night was dark and cloudy, and across the trackless prairie Tappen pursued his way toward Peoria, but never reached it, and his fate remained a mystery to his friends for many years.

The Indians say, early in the morning, while encamped in Bureau timber, they saw a lone traveler on horseback making his way off the prairie to where there was a small field fenced. The traveler continued on his way until he came to a cabin, and reining up his horse at the door, he called out "Halloo;" receiving no response he hallooed again and was answered by the report of three rifles in the hands of Indians, who had approached through the thick underbrush within a close range. The traveler wheeled his horse and fled, but having received a mortal wound, fell to the ground and was tomahawked by the Indians. The Indians took off his scalp and clothing, leaving the remains unburied. The Indians cut out the heart and roasted it for breakfast, each of the warriors eating a small slice in order to make them brave. This victim is supposed

to have been Tappen, and although he was reported among the slain at the battle of Stillman's Run, his body could not be found among the dead.

MEHOKEE A POTTAWATOMIE WARRIOR.

Those who were in the habit of visiting Shaubena's encampment will recollect a tall, lean, dark visaged Indian, with one hand disfigured by a wound. Wherever Shaubena pitched his tent, the tent of this Indian with his squaw and a number of small papooses, was always found by the side of it. This Indian's name was Mehokee, a brother of Shaubena's young squaw, Pokanoka, and the same one who shot at Dave Jones when he killed his dog. There is a history connected with this Indian which almost rivals romance, and shows how easily a person may be led astray by evil associations.

When the hostile band led by Girty from Black Hawk's camp, on their way to attack the settlement arrived at Shaubena's Grove, they learned that the chief, his son and nephew, were gone to notify the settlers of their danger, as previously stated. On learning these facts this war party were enraged,

denouncing Shaubena as a traitor to his tribe, saying his life should pay the forfeit. On the following morning Mehokee left the village in search of Shaubena, to notify him of these threats, so he might escape the fate that awaited him. In searching for Shaubena Mehokee fell in with the hostile band, stayed over night with them, and finally agreed to join them in making war on the settlers. He remained with the hostile Indians during the war, and was shot in the hand at the battle of Wisconsin river, causing it to be disfigured.

Mehokee was present at the Indian creek massacre, the killing of Phillips, and from him I learned many facts relating to these events.

CHAPTER XI.

REV. JAMES SAMPLE AND WIFE.

James Sample was a local Methodist preacher, and for two years had been preach ing occasionally in different settlements near the Illinois river. In the fall of 1831, he married a girl named Lucy May, and moved to Rock Island, where he made a claim and built a cabin near the old Sac Village. Sample was engaged in making a farm when Black Hawk's band crossed to the east side of the Mississippi in April, 1832, when he, with other settlers, fled from their homes and took refuge on the Island.

Sample was a young man of prepossessing appearance, tall and slim, with a pleasing countenance and a good address, but in education and intellectual culture he was very deficient. He was quite zealous in religious matters, and always ready to preach when

there were persons to hear him. Some of the early settlers who are still living at Rock Island, among whom is the widow of Col. George Davenport, recollect Sample's enthusiastic manner of preaching while on the Island, and have not forgotten the social, agreeable qualities of his beautiful wife.

Sample and wife had been on the Island a number of weeks, when they concluded to leave it, and return to their friends east of the Illinois river. Not hearing of any depredations committed by the Indians, it was thought perfectly safe to make the journey. Accordingly they disposed of all their effects except their two horses, and on them they left Rock Island. Early in the morning, Sample and his wife were ferried across from the Island, and started on their journey eastward. It was a bright, clear morning, near the middle of May, when the travelers left Rock Island for Hennepin, about seventy-five miles distant, but never reached their destination. Being mounted on fine spirited horses, full of mettle, and as they cantered swiftly across the prairie, the tourists expected to reach Bureau settlement before night. The road traveled by them was the old Sac and Fox trail, which extended from

Rock Island to the south end of Lake Michigan, being at that time a great thoroughfare from East to West, and traveled by both whites and Indians. There was no settlement along this trail between Rock Island and Bureau, a distance of about sixty miles, which made it necessary to perform the journey in one day.*

About one mile north of the Indian trail, by the side of the Peoria and Galena road, and on West Bureau timber, stood the residence of Henry Thomas, where the travelers intended to stay over night, but on reaching the cabin, they found it deserted, and the doors and windows barricaded with heavy puncheons. Finding no chance of entertainment at Thomas', they continued their journey eastward, with the intention of staying over night at Smith's cabin, six miles distant. What became of the travel-

* Over this trail, Black Hawk, with many of his warriors, made annual trips for a number of years, in going to and from Canada, to receive their annuities from the British Government. According to Indian tradition, this trail had been a great highway from East to West for many ages, and traveled by roving bands of savages. It ran almost on a straight line across the State, and in some places on the high prairie, it was worn down a foot or more below the surface. Although forty years have now passed away since it ceased to be used, it can still be traced across many farms, by the color of grass and grain.

ers after leaving Thomas', or where they spent the night, is not known, but they must have camped in the grove, as Main Bureau creek was high, and could not be crossed without swimming their horses, which would be hazardous during the darkness of the night. In the timber by the side of the trail, and some distance from the creek, stood a double log cabin, belonging to Eli and Elijah Smith. Here, no doubt, the travelers intended to rest, dry their clothing after swimming the creek, and get something to eat; but they found the cabins deserted, the inmates having fled from their homes the day before. Leaving the trail here at Smith cabins, and going one mile south through the grove, brought the travelers to the cabin of Elijah Epperson, which was also found deserted. About one mile southeast of Epperson's cabin, in the edge of the timber, and by the side of a spring, where the residence of William Knox now stands, were encamped about seventy Indians, led by the notorious half-breed, Girty. The night before, these Indians had visited almost every cabin in Bureau settlement, and were much disappointed to find their intended victims had fled from their homes. They had sent out runners in

different directions in hopes of finding a lingering settler, or a stray traveler, in order that they might obtain one scalp to grace their expedition, and they had not long to wait, as the sequel will show.

It must have been with heavy hearts when Sample and his wife again mounted their horses at Epperson's cabin, to continue their journey; being fatigued, hungry, their clothing wet and their horses tired and jaded. But on reaching the prairie, the beautiful landscape scenery here presented must have dispelled their gloomy feelings. The prairie was now covered with early spring grass, intermixed with flowers of various hues. The forest trees were in full leaf, and the air was fragrant with the blossoms of wild fruit. Birds were singing among the branches of trees, and around them were sporting meadow-larks, filling the air with their musical notes; while in the distance was heard the chirping of squirrels, and crowing of prairie chickens. The enchanting scenery of the surroundings, no doubt had a good effect on the travelers, and must have dispelled any forebodings of evil. Over sixty miles of the journey had already been made, and a few hours more would terminate it,

when they would meet with kind friends. Their jaded horses were slowly plodding their way across the prairie, and over the very spot where the city of Princeton now stands. The travelers, unconscious of danger, were, in all probability, talking of the perils of the past night, and the happy termination of their journey, when, all of a sudden, they heard a noise behind them, and on looking back discovered about twenty Indians pursuing them at full speed.

FLIGHT AND CAPTURE.

While Sample and wife were at Epperson's cabin an Indian discovered them, and he immediately gave notice to his comrades, who mounted their ponies and started in pursuit. The Indians approached quietly without being discovered until within gun shot of the travelers, when they raised the war-whoop, and put their ponies on a gallop. Many shots were fired at the fugitives, one of which slightly wounded Sample, and his wife was also wounded by a tomahawk, thrown by one of the savages. The horses, on getting their mettle up, went off at great speed leaving the Indian ponies far

behind, but the savages continued the chase, urging their ponies forward under the whip, and yelling at the top of their voice. The fugitives had so far outstripped their pursuers, that they must have regarded their escape as almost certain; but an accident occurred which blasted their fond hope, and caused them to fall into the hands of the Indians. As they approached the timber, Mrs. Sample's horse, while crossing a small branch, stuck fast in the mud, and fell, throwing the rider over its head. Mr. Sample, being so far ahead of the Indians at the time, could have made his escape, but unwilling to leave his wife to her fate, returned to assist her, and thereby sacrificed his own life. While Sample was assisting his wife to remount her horse, the Indians, with deafening yells, came up with them. Knowing that escape was now out of the question, Sample, thinking only of selling his life as dearly as possible, drew forth a pistol and shot one of the Indians dead on the spot. The Indians bound their victims with strong cords, put them on their horses, and carried them back to camp.

On arriving at camp, the warriors held a council over their prisoners, and it was de-

cided, in order to avenge their dead comrade, they should be burned at the stake. Sample was well acquainted with Girty, the leader of the band, having met him a number of times while on his ministerial excursions, and offered him everything he possessed as a ransom for himself and wife. But it was all to no purpose; nothing but revenge could satisfy this blood-thirsty savage.

THE EXECUTION.

The following tragical story came principally through Indian sources, and was unknown to the early settlers. Although it was known that Sample and his wife disappeared while traveling from Rock Island to the Illinois river, and supposed to have been killed by the Indians, yet for thirty years the manner of their fate remained a mystery. Shaubena said the Indians burned a man and woman at the commencement of the Black Hawk war, but he did not know their names, or where they came from. The manner of capturing and executing the victims was narrated to me a few years ago, by two Pottawatomie chiefs, Half Day, and Girty, the latter a son of the leader of the band.

A few rods south of what is now known as the Knox grave yard, at the edge of the grove, stood, thirty years ago, an old burr oak tree, isolated from the forest, and surrounded by a beautiful grass plat. Some of the early settlers had noticed this tree, and still recollect it being burned at the root, as though a camp fire had been built there. To this tree the victims were bound with large deer skin thongs; with their hands and feet firmly tied, and divested of clothing, they stood awaiting their doom. A fire of dry limbs was kindled around them, while the Indians stripped themselves of clothing, and painted their faces in preparation for a dance. Every thing being now ready for the execution, Girty took his long knife and scalped the prisoners, saving the scalps as trophies of war. Taking the scalp of Mrs. Sample, and tying the long hair around his neck, he left the bloody trophy to hang on his breast, and in this way the chief, assisted by his comrades, danced around their victims, jumping up and down, and yelling like demons.

Mr. and Mrs. Sample being bound to the tree, surrounded by burning faggots, their scalps taken off, with the blood running down over their faces, and covering their naked

bodies with gore, formed a spectacle that must have sickened the hearts of even savages. Mrs. Sample, whose youth and innocence ought to have moved the hardest heart, appealed to Girty for mercy—to save her from this terrible death; but these appeals were in vain; nothing could change the purpose, or soften the heart of this devil incarnate. Soon the flames began to take effect on the victims, and in their agony they besought the Indians to shoot or tomahawk them, and thereby terminate their sufferings. But the appeals of the sufferers had no effect on the savage band, and in wild revelry they flourished their tomahawks over the heads of their victims, dancing, and yelling in mockery of their agony. The prayers and shrieks of the sufferers as the crackling flames crisped their flesh, mingled with the loud whoop of savages as they danced around in fiendish glee, holding fire brands against their naked bodies, and threw hot coals on their scalped heads, until life was extinct. When the cords that bound the prisoners to the tree had burned off, the bodies fell lifeless to the ground, and roasted in the flames. Then more faggots were put on the fire, to consume the remains, and a

Burning of Rev. James Sample and Wife.

few whitened bones were all that was now left of the Rev. James Sample and his beautiful wife.

The next year after this tragedy occurred, James Hays made a claim here, and built a cabin by the side of a spring, where the residence of William Knox now stands. Around the tree where Sample and his wife were burned, Mr. Hays noticed many human bones, and in a ravine near by, a skull was found. But little was thought of this affair at the time, as these bones were supposed to be those of Indians, it being well known that they buried their dead so near the top of the ground, that wolves frequently dug up and devoured the corpse.

Nearly half a century has now passed away since these murders were committed, and those who participated in them, in all probability, have gone to the Indian's happy hunting grounds. This place, with its surroundings, have undergone a great change; where timber once grew is now cultivated land, and instead of a wild, uninhabited region, marks of civilization are everywhere to be seen. To the east, in plain view, lies the city of Princeton, with its beautiful landscape scenery, with its parks, shade trees,

and its tall spires glittering in the sunbeams. The old burr oak tree where the victims suffered, and around which the Indians danced, has long since fell by the woodman's axe; but its stump still remains as a relic of the past. As you look upon this stump, and the scene around it, you will be reminded of the awful tragedy which took place on this spot.

CHAPTER XII.

MEAU-EUS, AN INDIAN CHIEF.

On Big Indian creek, near the head of the timber, was a small Indian village, consisting of about twenty lodges and seventy or eighty inhabitants. The chief of this village, named Meau-eus, was a tall, raw-boned, savage-looking Indian, very envious toward the settlers, and never known to visit their cabins. It is said, in his youth he had a presentiment that the whites would take possession of this country, and drive away the Indians. As cabins were built here and there on the north side of the Illinois river, the old chief began to think the evil day near at hand when he would be compelled to leave the home of his youth and seek a new one in the far West. A number of settlers had made claims and built cabins on Indian creek, below the village, which

was a great annoyance to Meau-eus, as he believed the sound of their axes would drive away the deer.

In the spring of 1832 a dam was built across Indian creek, about six miles below the village, by William Davis, which prevented the fish from ascending the stream. The old chief became very angry at this, considering it a trespass on his rights, and threatened to tear it down. He went to consult Shaubena and Waubonsie about destroying the dam, but they advised him to let it alone.

At Meau-eus' village lived two young Indians, named To-qua-mee and Co-mee, both of whom spoke some English. They had spent some time at the Indian mission near Fox river, engaged in hunting, to supply it with meat, and doing errands for the employes of the establishment. Co-mee professed Christianity, having been baptized by Elder Walker some time before. These Indians at different times visited the residence of Wm. Hall, who had made a claim on the creek, a few miles below the village, and at one time presented the family with a quarter of venison. They took a great fancy to Hall's daughters, Sylvia, and Rachel, who were

prepossessing young women, and proposed to buy them of their father, in accordance with Indian custom. To-qua-mee was a fine looking Indian, tall and well proportioned, with a graceful figure, but had an ugly scar on his face. This scar formed an important feature in To-qua-mee's physiognomy, noticed by every one, and will figure hereafter in our story.

INDIAN CREEK SETTLEMENT.

As a number of families were massacred on Indian creek at the commencement of the Black Hawk war, it becomes necessary to give some of the facts relating to it, so that the reader may understand this affair. In the spring of 1830, William Davis made a claim on Big Indian creek, twelve miles north of Ottawa, and built his cabin close by the creek bank. A few rods from his cabin he built a blacksmith shop, being a blacksmith by trade, doing work for himself and neighbors. He also commenced building a mill, and the dam for that purpose was completed early in the spring of 1832. In the vicinity of Davis' cabin a number of people had located; among these were John and J. H.

Henderson, Allen Howard, William Pettigrew, and William Hall, all of whom had families.

On Indian creek, about six miles above Davis' cabin, was an Indian village, and its inhabitants were very angry at him for building the dam, as it prevented the fish from ascending the stream, as previously stated. Each day the Indians of the village were in the habit of coming down below the dam to fish, and on one occasion they threatened to injure Davis' family if it was not removed so that the fish could come up to the village as formerly. A number of days had now passed since the Indians were down to fish, and their absence caused Davis to fear that they meditated revenge for what they considered a trespass on their rights. In order to compromise the matter, Mr. Davis, accompanied by J. H. Henderson, went up to the village for the purpose of making the Indians some presents and thereby retain their good will. But on arriving at the village they found it deserted, and no Indians were seen in its vicinity. From here they went to Waubonsie's village at Paw-Paw Grove, but found it deserted also, consequently they left for home. On their return, night overtook them. In

the darkness they lost their way, and were obliged to lie out all night. Mr. Davis not returning at night as expected, his family believed that he had been murdered by the Indians, and next morning, before daylight, they left for Ottawa. When Davis came home and found his family gone, he followed after, overtaking them in their flight, and caused the fugitives to return.

A few days before this event, Shaubena, after notifying the settlers on Bureau of their danger, came to Indian creek and warned the people, likewise Mr. Pettigrew. Mr. Howard, and the two Hendersons, with their families, fled to Ottawa. Mr. Hall, with his family, started for Ottawa also, but by the persuasion of Mr. Davis, he stopped at his house, as he was made to believe the Indians would not molest them. John Henderson and Albert Howard, leaving their families at Ottawa, returned to their claims for the purpose of planting corn. William Pettigrew, with his wife and two children, had been two days at Ottawa, but believing there was no danger of Indian depredations, returned with his family, stopping at Davis' house about noon of the same day of the massacre, and

their goods were in the wagon unloaded when the Indians came.

Two young men, named Robert Norris and Henry George, were at Davis' house at the time of the massacre, and consequently were among the victims. Norris lived with John Henderson, and happened to be at the blacksmith shop at the time, to get some work done. Henry George belonged to Bureau settlement; had made a claim, and built a cabin on the present site of Bureau Junction, and at that time was on a visit to Hall's family. Both Davis and Hall had grown up sons, and with the other visitors at the house, they considered themselves of sufficient strength to repel an attack of the Indians.

DAVIS AND HALL WARNED OF THEIR DANGER.

Pyps, after notifying the settlers on Fox river of the commencement of hostilities, went to visit his lady love, at Rochell's village, south of the Illinois. After remaining a few days with Rochell's band, he returned home by the way of Indian Creek settlement, and while on his way, about sundown, discovered a large body of Indians entering the timber. On reaching home late at night, he

told Shaubena of seeing these Indians, and also of noticing some of the settlers still at their cabins. Shaubena, knowing these settlers would be likely to fall victims to savages, therefore lost no time in warning them of their danger the second time.

About midnight, Shaubena, after giving some directions to his family and friends in case he should meet his death, as he well knew his life would be sacrificed if he fell in with the hostile band—mounted his pony, and started for Indian Creek settlement.

On the fatal day, about sunrise, before people were out of bed, Shaubena, with his pony in a foam of sweat, reached Davis' cabin, and informed the inmates of their danger. He told them that a large band of warriors had been seen to enter the timber about six miles above, on the evening before, and unless they left immediately, in all probability they would be killed. On receiving this intelligence Hall was in favor of leaving for Ottawa forthwith, but Davis, being a resolute man, knowing no fear, opposed it, saying he did not fear the Indians, and no red skin could drive him from his home.

CHAPTER XIII.

INDIANS IN CAMP.

According to the statement of Shaubena, the depredations on Indian creek were committed principally by Pottawatomies, and this statement is confirmed by others. The two Misses Hall, who were taken prisoners, said they believed most of the warriors at the massacre were Pottawatomies, two of whom they recognized as belonging to the Indian Creek village. Mehokee, a brother of Shaubena's young squaw, Pokanoka, admitted that he was at the massacre, but said he took no part in it; and from this Indian I learned many things relating to this affair.

When Black Hawk came up Rock river, many disaffected Pottawatomies went to his camp, and, accompanied by a few Sacs and Foxes, left for the settlements as soon as hostilities commenced. A half-breed, named

Mike Girty, who belonged at the village of Indiantown, headed a guerrilla band that ranged through the settlements during the war, and by these cut-throats most of the depredations were committed. For a number of days these Indians had been roaming through Bureau and Fox River settlements, in search of victims, but people having fled from their homes, they met with poor success.

On the evening before the massacre, these Indians encamped near the head of Big Indian creek timber, and turned their ponies out to feed on the prairie. It is said they had two kegs of whisky, taken from Clark Hollenback's store, on Fox river, and as no victims could be found, they all got drunk, and spent the night in revelry. Next day a scouting party came down to the settlement to see if they could get the scalp of some adventurers who might return to look after their stock, which had been left to run at large on the prairie, and they were surprised to find a number of people at Davis' cabin. These scouts secreted themselves in the thick underbrush, and for some time watched the movements of the whites, ascertained the number of men, and probable means of de-

fense, etc., after which they returned to their comrades and reported their discovery. On receiving this intelligence, the warriors aroused from their drunken revelry, mounted their ponies, and followed down the creek, until they came within a mile of Davis' cabin. Here in the thick timber they dismounted, tying their ponies to trees, and then proceeded on foot to carry out their murderous designs, being conducted by two Pottawatomie Indians, To-qua-mee, and Co-mee, who were raised on Indian creek, and acquainted with the surroundings of Davis' house, and who were afterwards tried at Ottawa for the part they took in this affair. These Indians led the attacking party forward with great caution, crawling along under the creek bank, until they came within a few rods of the house, without being discovered by their intended victims, and all the warriors were in the door-yard before the alarm was given.

INDIAN CREEK MASSACRE.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon of May 20th, 1832, while the men were at work in the blacksmith shop, and the women busy

with their household affairs, unconscious of danger from their red foe, a dog barked, when Mrs. Davis, on looking out at the door, exclaimed, "My God, here are the Indians now," as seventy painted savages entered the door-yard. Mr. Pettigrew, with a child in his arms, attempted to shut the door, but was shot down while doing so, and fell backward on the floor. Part of the Indians now rushed into the house, and with knives, spears and tomahawks commenced killing women and children, while others, with deafening yells, attacked the men at the blacksmith shop. The assault being so sudden the men were unprepared to make a successful resistance, although their guns were close at hand, and before these could be brought into use, they were overpowered and killed. William Hall was shot down instantly. Robert Norris had seized his gun and while in the act of shooting, he, too, was killed. William Davis, being a large, resolute man, with remarkable physical powers, defended himself for some time, using the breach of his gun (which was a heavy Kentucky rifle) over the heads of the savages, breaking the stock and bending the barrel in the fearful struggle, but at last was overpowered and killed.

Blood and hair were found on Davis' gun barrel, and the ground where his remains lay showed marks of a fearful conflict. Near by was a pool of blood where an Indian had lain, supposed to have been killed and his remains carried off by his comrades. Henry George jumped into the mill-pond, but was shot while swimming across it and his body taken out of the water and scalped. One of Davis' sons, a lad of fourteen years, named William, made his escape by flight. John W., a son of William Hall, ran and jumped off the creek bank as many shots were fired at him. The Indians supposing him killed, did not pursue, and by keeping close under the high creek bank and out of sight, he succeeded in making his escape.

When the Indians entered Davis' house, they, with loud yells, commenced killing the inmates. Some were shot down, others dispatched with spears, knives, or tomahawks. Mrs. Davis, in her fright, threw her arms around Rachel Hall, and when shot down the muzzle of the gun was so close as to burn the face of the latter into a blister. Mrs. Pettigrew was found with her infant clasped in her arms, both mother and child having their heads split open by a tomahawk, and

Indian Creek Massacre.

ficing their own lives, therefore they turned about and fled for Ottawa.

FIFTEEN PERSONS KILLED, AND TWO GIRLS CAPTURED.

After the Indians had completed their work of horror, leaving fifteen dead bodies, scalped, and some of them mutilated in a shocking manner, they returned to the place where they left their ponies. They took with them a number of horses belonging to the murdered families, also, clothing, provisions, and everything they could use. They shot horses, cattle and hogs; even chickens in the barn-yard did not escape their fury. Two daughters of William Hall, Sylvia, aged seventeen, and Rachel, fourteen, were taken prisoners and carried off into the Indian country. They also took with them as a prisoner a little son of William Davis, named James, a lad of seven years of age, but finding he could not travel so fast as they required, after going about one-half mile, they killed him. The two Indians who had him in charge, one hold of each hand, made him stand up to be shot. Little Jimmy, as he was called, pale as death, stood like a marble statue, without

moving a muscle, to receive the fatal shot, and while struggling in the agonies of death, the savages took off his scalp, leaving the body where it fell, to be devoured by dogs or wolves.

When the massacre was completed, four warriors took the two Misses Hall, one holding on to each arm, and hurried them off as fast as possible through the woods to where their ponies were tied. On arriving here they saw among the crowd of warriors two Indians they knew, To-qua-mee and Co-mee, who had frequently been at their house.

When the Indians arrived at the place where their ponies were tied, they held a council over the prisoners to decide on their fate. Girty, the leader of the band, was in favor of killing the prisoners, but the will of this cut-throat was overruled by a majority of the warriors, who no doubt had in view the large sum of money which would be paid for their ransom. It was finally agreed that the Sac and Fox warriors should take the prisoners to Black Hawk's camp, about ninety miles distant, while the Pottawatomies continued their scout through the settlements in search of other victims.

The girls were mounted on horses, with

two Indians riding by their side holding the bridle reins to prevent their escape, and in this position they galloped away.

On the day of the massacre, Captain McFadden, Wilber Walker, and a few others, were returning from Dixon's Ferry, where they had been to get Gov. Reynolds to furnish troops to protect the people at Ottawa. When this party were within three miles of Davis' cabin, they heard the report of guns, but did not know what it meant, as all the settlers were thought to have fled from their homes.

The next day after the massacre, a company of rangers, under Captain Naper, or Brown, from Chicago, and also a party from Putnam county, visited the scene of horror, and buried the dead. All the slain were found except little Jimmy Davis, and his fate was not known for some time afterward.

A few years ago, a fine monument was erected over the remains of the murdered families, by their surviving friends, on which are cut the names and ages of the victims.

CHAPTER XIV.

CAPTIVITY OF SYLVIA AND RACHEL HALL.

The following account of the captivity of the two Misses Hall, is principally taken from the statements made to me by one of the captives (Rachel Hall), a short time after the Black Hawk war. This account is given in language as though narrated by the captive, and, in some instances, her own words are used.

After being placed on horseback, and guarded by two Indians who rode by our side, holding on to the reins of the bridles, as narrated in the preceding chapter, we commenced our long, tedious journey. Indians riding behind us would strike our horses with their whips, so as to urge them forward at a greater speed. We rode on a canter, sometimes on a gallop; the Indians frequently looking back to see if they were

followed by the rangers, who were at that time roaming through the country. We continued to travel at a rapid rate until near midnight, when we halted to let our horses rest. After resting about two hours, we continued our journey, traveling all night and next day until about one o'clock, when we again halted. Here our captors turned out their horses to graze, built a fire, scalded some beans, and roasted acorns, of which they offered us to eat, but we declined tasting it. We remained in camp a few hours, and during the time some of the Indians were engaged in dressing the scalps by stretching them on small willow hoops. Among these scalps I recognized my mother's, by the bright color of the hair, and the sight of it produced in me a faintness, causing me to fall to the ground in a swoon, from which I was soon after aroused so as to continue our journey. A number of warriors left us for a short time, and on their return appeared much excited, as though something unusual had taken place, when we all mounted our ponies and put them on a gallop. Some of the warriors rode behind us, with their spears drawn in a threatening manner, and we expected every moment to be murdered by

Captivity of Sylvia and Rachel Hall. 167

them. It appears the Indians became frightened, believing the whites were pursuing them, and rather than give up their prisoners, they had prepared themselves to kill them. After the Indians got over their fright, we traveled more leisurely until about nine o'clock at night, when we reached Black Hawk's camp, near the present site of Madison, Wisconsin, after riding about ninety miles in twenty-eight hours.

Our arrival in camp caused great rejoicing, and a large body of warriors collected around us, beating on drums, dancing, and yelling at the top of their voices. Next morning our fear of massacre, or torture, had somewhat subsided, and we were presented with beans and maple sugar, for breakfast. They also offered us coffee (which had been taken out of Davis' house) to eat, not knowing that it required to be ground and boiled before using. About ten o'clock the camp broke up, and we were provided with ponies to ride, and behind us were packed camp equipage, consisting of tents, kettles, provisions, etc. After traveling five or six miles, crossing a creek, we encamped on a high piece of ground covered with timber, and near a large spring. On arriving at our new

camp, the Indians cleared off a piece of ground about ninety feet in circumference, and placed in the center of it a white birch pole, about twenty-five feet high. In the center, near the pole, ten or fifteen spears were stuck into the ground, on which were placed the scalps of our murdered friends, together with three human hearts. We recognized the scalps of father, mother, and Mrs. Pettigrew, and the sight of these made us heart-sick. About fifty warriors, divested of clothing, and their faces painted red, danced around this pole and scalps, to the music of drums and rattling gourds. Every day during our stay with the Indians, this pole and spears containing the scalps, were erected, and the dance repeated. One morning a party of warriors came to our lodge and took us out, placing in our hands small red flags, and made us march around the encampment with them, stopping and waving the flags at the door of each wigwam. After this, we were taken to the dance ground, by the white pole, and spears containing the scalps, where a blanket was spread. After painting our faces one-half red and the other black, we were made to lie down on the blanket, with our faces to the ground. The

warriors now commenced dancing around us, flourishing their tomahawks and war clubs over our heads, and yelling like demons. We thought our time had now come, and quietly awaited our fate, expecting every moment to be our last. When the dance was over, we were taken away by two old squaws, (one of whom we afterward learned, was the wife of Black Hawk,) and the paint washed off our faces. By these squaws we were adopted as their children, and although separated, we were allowed to visit each other frequently. Each day our camp was moved a few miles away, the warriors always traveling in a circular route, and the whole country through which we passed appeared full of Indians. Along the trail, at short intervals, the Indians would erect poles, with tufts of grass tied on one side, showing the hunters in what direction the camp could be found. Our fear of massacre had now entirely subsided; we were adopted into the families of these squaws, and not required to do any work, but closely watched to prevent our escape.

One day a warrior took Sylvia up on a hill side, about forty rods from the camp, where the Indians were holding a council, and told

her that she must go with an old Indian who was blind of one eye, who we afterward learned was White Crow, a Winnebago chief. Sylvia said she could not go unless I went along with her, but they would not agree to this. White Crow made a long speech, talking very loud, and appeared much excited, while all the Indians listened to him with marked attention. After this speech, Whirling Thunder, another Winnebago chief, took me up where the council was held, then the chiefs shook hands, and made preparations to depart. A young warrior took his scalping-knife and cut a lock of hair from over my right ear, and another out of the back part of my head. Another warrior cut a large lock of hair out of the front part of Sylvia's head, and placed it in his shot-pouch. The Winnebago chief tried to make us understand that they were about to take us to white people, but we did not believe them, thinking they intended to take us further from home and friends, so we clung to the squaws, and refused to go with them. The squaws with whom we were staying, appeared much grieved at parting with us, but contrary to their wish and ours, we were placed on horseback, and with the

two chiefs, and twenty-six warriors, we left the encampment on a gallop. We rode at a rapid rate all that day. Occasionally the chiefs would look back, as though they expected to be followed, and then whip their ponies into a gallop. We traveled at a great speed all that day and part of the night, when we reached the Winnebago camp on the bank of Wisconsin river. Next morning, before sun up, a party of Sac warriors, some of whom were dressed in the clothing of murdered white men, came into camp. These warriors commenced talking to us, when Whirling Thunder told us to turn away from them, and not listen to what they said, which we did. After a long parley, the Sac warriors, with angry looks and loud words, left the camp and rode away.

It was afterward ascertained that a petty chief, who had captured the girls, was off hunting when they were given up to the Winnebagoes, and on returning to camp, found the prisoners gone, and not receiving his proportion of the ransom, started with a war party to re-capture the girls, or kill them in the attempt. But this war party did not overtake the captives until they arrived safe at the Winnebago camp, where they were

secure from re-capture. After the Sac warriors left, our camp was broken up, and we were placed in a canoe, and with about one hundred Indians in like craft, we started down the river. We traveled all that day until sundown, when we encamped on the river bank. Next morning, White Crow went around to the wigwams, stopping at the door of each, having a gourd in his hand partly filled with pebbles, which he shook violently, and talking very loud, as if lecturing them. After this the chief went away and remained absent all day, but returned to camp about sundown, and then for the first time spoke to us in good English. He asked us if our father and mother, sisters or brothers, were living, to which we replied we believed they were all killed at the time of our captivity. On hearing this he shook his head, appeared sad, and after hesitating a moment said he would take us home in the morning.

White Crow asked us if we thought the whites would hang him if he took us to the fort, to which we replied, they would not, but would give him many presents for his trouble. Next morning the two chiefs, ac-

companied by about forty warriors, started with us for the fort at Blue Mounds.

Crossing the river we traveled southward all day until after dark, when we camped for the night by the side of a stream. Next morning, as soon as it was light, we resumed our journey, traveling until two o'clock, when we stopped for dinner and to let our horses feed. For dinner we had some boiled duck eggs which were about ready to hatch, and our stomachs revolted at taking young ducks thus prepared, but the Indians regarded them a great delicacy. After dinner we again mounted our ponies to continue our journey, and late in the afternoon we reached the fort at Blue Mounds. Before our arrival thither, we saw wagon tracks, with other signs of civilization, and were now convinced that our conductors were taking us to friends, and we had done them great injustice.

White Crow took the white handkerchief which I wore on my head, tied it on a pole for a flag of truce, and proceeded toward the fort, followed by the rest of us. Before reaching the fort we were met by a Frenchman on horseback, who addressed the Indians in their own language. The warriors now

formed a circle, when the Frenchman rode into it, and here they had a talk. White Crow was unwilling to give us up until he had seen Col. Gratiot, the Indian Agent, who was absent at the time; but after being assured that we would be well treated until his return, we were delivered up to the troops, who were marched out to receive us.

Here at the fort we met two of our uncles, Edward and Reason Hall, who were rejoiced at our rescue. It was now the third of June and the thirteenth day of our captivity.

A few days after the capture of the two Misses Hall, their oldest brother, John W., went with a regiment of volunteers marching north in pursuit of Black Hawk. On reaching the lead mines, Mr. Hall presented the case of his sisters' captivity to Col. H. Gratiot, agent for the Winnebagoes, who employed two chiefs, White Crow and Whirling Thunder, to ransom the prisoners, and they left immediately for Black Hawk's camp. On arriving in camp a council was called, at which it was agreed to deliver up the prisoners on the payment of two thousand dollars in cash and forty horses, besides a quantity of blankets, beads, etc. After buying the girls of the Sacs and Foxes, a

difficulty arose, which came very near defeating their plans. A young chief claimed Rachel as his prize, intending to make her his wife, and was unwilling to give her up, telling the Winnebago chiefs that he would tomahawk her rather than let her go. After a long parley the matter was compromised by giving him ten additional horses; but, on parting with her, he took his scalping-knife and cut off two locks of her hair, to keep as a trophy of his warlike exploits.

A short time after this affair, Major Dement, in command of a spy battalion, was attacked at Kellogg's Grove by a large body of Indians, and compelled to take refuge in a block-house. A young chief, while leading his warriors forward to take the block-house, was shot by Governor Casey, and around his neck was found a lock of braided hair, which afterward was identified as that taken from the head of Rachel Hall.

When the captives were brought to the fort their clothes were found to be torn almost to rags, and, having no protection for their heads except handkerchiefs, they were badly sunburned. When taken prisoners, Rachel's dress consisted of a red and white calico, ruffled at the bottom, and Sylvia's

dress was made of blue cambric, but now they were so dirty and torn, the material of which they were made could scarcely be made out.

The girls were taken to the fort at White Oak Springs, and from there to Galena, where they met their brother, John W., whom they supposed was killed at the massacre.

An account of the captivity of the Misses Hall was, at the time, heralded throughout the United States, and people everywhere were much rejoiced at their rescue. The returned captives were much lionized by the people at Galena, and received from them many presents, including fashionable dresses, etc. After remaining here a few days they were put on the steamer Winnebago, accompanied by their brother, and carried to St. Louis, where they were received and entertained by Governor Clark. While at Governor Clark's residence money amounting to four hundred and seventy dollars was collected for them, beside many valuable presents. At St. Louis they were met by the Rev. Erastus Horn, an old friend of their father, who took them to his home in Cass county. A short time after-

ward their brother, John W. Hall, married and settled in Bureau county, when the girls came to live with him. The Legislature gave them a quarter section of canal land near Joliet, and Congress voted them money as a donation.

Sylvia married the Rev. William Horn, and is now living at Lincoln, Nebraska. Rachel married William Munson, and moved to Freedom, La Salle county, near the place where she was captured, and died there a few years ago.

CHAPTER XV.

THE TWO INDIAN PRISONERS.

In the spring of 1833 two young Pottawatomie Indians, named To-qua-mee and Co-mee, were indicted by the court at Ottawa for being concerned in the Indian Creek massacre. Sylvia and Rachel Hall, the Indian captives, testified that they knew these Indians, having seen them at their father's house at different times, and saw them on the day of the massacre, in company with the murderers. On this testimony these Indians were arrested and bound over to court, six chiefs belonging to different bands giving bonds for their appearance. At the appointed time the bondsmen and prisoners were on hand, but the time of holding court having been changed, they were not tried. The prisoners, thinking they would not be wanted at court, went

west with their band a short time afterward.

George E. Walker being at that time Sheriff of La Salle county, it became his duty to hunt up and bring back the prisoners. Walker was an Indian trader; understood the Pottawatomie language, was acquainted with the prisoners, and had much influence with the band to which they belonged. Therefore he went alone in search of the runaways, and found them west of the Mississippi river, far out in the Indian country. On arriving at their home a council of warriors was called, at which it was decided that the accused should accompany Walker to Ottawa and stand trial in accordance with the bonds. The two Indians bade farewell to their friends, telling them they would never meet again, as they expected to be executed on their arrival in Ottawa, and, to all appearance, were reconciled to their fate. For many days the Sheriff with his prisoners traveled together through the Indian country, camping out at night and all sleeping under the same blanket. Sometimes the Indians would go off on a hunt to supply the camp with food, and could have made their escape at any time, but they had pledged their

honor to accompany Walker to Ottawa, and not even the preservation of their lives could induce them to forfeit it. At all times the Sheriff was in their power, and it would have been an easy matter to have killed him and returned to their people without fear of being sought after, but such is Indian honor. On reaching Rock Island the Indians requested Walker to stay behind out of their company, so people would not know that they were under arrest, and in this way they passed through an Indian encampment.

As Sheriff Walker was returning with his prisoners on the old Sac and Fox trail, they were met by Peter Demot, an old pioneer hunter who had been many years among the Indians. The party were mounted on ponies with rifles on their shoulders, the Sheriff leading the way and the prisoners following after in single file. Demot recognized To-qua-mee as an old friend with whom he had hunted two years before, and was pleased to meet him again. To-qua-mee appeared dejected in spirits, telling his friend that he was on his way to Ottawa to die, saying he was willing to be shot as a brave, but disliked to be hung by the neck like a dog.

Court came on, the Indians were tried, and during the trial there was great excitement in Ottawa as the friends of the murdered families collected around the court room with rifles in their hands, threatening to shoot the prisoners if liberated. There was no jail in Ottawa at the time, and the Sheriff was obliged to guard the prisoners with a posse of armed men to prevent them from being assassinated by those seeking revenge.

At the trial, Sheriff Walker testified that he never gave the prisoners any encouragement that they would be acquitted, and their strict regard for their honor in delivering themselves up voluntarily for trial, caused many to believe them innocent.

When the prisoners came into court, To-qua-mee's face was painted in such a way that the scar which formed an important feature could not be seen, and Co-mee's phiz was in so many colors that the two Misses Hall could not swear positively to the identity of either of them, consequently they were acquitted.

On the acquittal of the prisoners, the friends of the murdered families, instead of shooting them as they had threatened, dis-

banded and left for home, believing the Indians innocent, and that it was only a case of mistaken identity.

After the Indians were liberated, their friends made a feast for them at Buffalo Rock, three miles below Ottawa, for the purpose of celebrating their acquittal. To this feast Sheriff Walker, Colonel D. F. Hitt, Wilber Walker and others who had stood guard over the prisoners, were invited. A fat deer had been killed and other choice game procured for the occasion, and all had a good time. When the paint was washed from To-qua-mee's face, the ugly scar which the Hall girls could not discover was very plain to be seen, showing conclusively that he was guilty, and had saved his life by ingenious painting. But they were now free and could not be tried again for the same offense. Although acquitted, they were in danger of being killed by the friends of the murdered families. Consequently, during the night, they mounted their ponies and left for their band in the West.

There is a sequel to this story not generally known, which explains some things that appeared mysterious. Louis Ouilmette, a

half-breed, who was well known among Indian traders, visited Meau-eus' band in Iowa three years after the Black Hawk war and had a conversation with To-qua-mee and Co-mee about their trial at Ottawa. In this conversation they admitted that they were present at the Indian Creek massacre, as they were mad at Davis for damming the creek. They also said that it was through their influence the lives of the Hall girls were spared, and on that condition only they consented to take part in the massacre.

FLIGHT OF FOX RIVER SETTLERS.

About the first of May, 1832, the Pottawatomies held a council on the Desplaines river, for the purpose of deciding on a policy in relation to the impending war. This council was attended by chiefs of different bands, among whom were Shaubena, Billy Caldwell, and Robinson. George E. Walker, then Sheriff of La Salle county, and also an Indian trader, attended this council by special invitation, and listened to speeches made by different chiefs. After some deliberation it was decided to remain at peace, and a resolution was passed, declaring any Pottawat-

omie brave that joined Black Hawk's forces a traitor to his tribe.

The Indians appeared friendly, continued to visit the settlers' cabins as formerly, and having decided in their late council to remain at peace, people apprehended no trouble with them. But many of these Indians had ill-feeling toward the settlers, and were ready to raise the tomahawk as soon as the Sacs and Foxes commenced hostilities. The wife of David Lawton, who was a Pottawatomie squaw, told one of the settlers that some of her people were with Black Hawk, and would make a raid on the settlement as soon as hostilities commenced.

Next day after Stillman's defeat, Shaubena sent Pypegee, his son, and Pyps, his nephew, to notify the settlers of their danger, the former going near Ottawa and Holderman's Grove, and the latter high up on Fox river. On receiving this notice, the settlers were panic stricken, and left their homes immediately, fleeing across the country in the direction of Plainfield. George Hollenback, with his family, left in a wagon, but Mr. Ackley, having no wagon, himself, his wife and their two children, fled on horseback. After going about one mile, Hollenback's

wagon stuck fast in a slough, and he went back to his house to get a pair of double-trees, so Ackley's horses could be hitched on the end of the wagon tongue, to assist in getting out of the slough. It was quite dark when Hollenback reached his cabin, and as he came nigh he saw a bright light shining through the cracks in the clap-board door. A moment afterward, a person came out of the house with a blazing torch in his hand, the light of which showed that the door yard was full of Indians. Mr. Hollenback being within a few yards of the Indians was discovered by them, when he fled at the top of his speed, while pursued by the savages. Being smart on foot, acquainted with the ground, and favored by the darkness of the night, he succeeded in making his escape, but in his flight he lost his reckoning, and rambled about all night in search of his family and friends. Next morning he found himself near the residence of his brother, Clark Hollenback, and approached the house with great caution. As he came near the house, he saw three men on horseback approaching it, and not knowing whether they were friends or foes, he secreted himself to watch their movements. These three men

proved to be Kellogg, Cummings and Holderman, settlers at Holderman's Grove. They had been notified by Pyps the night before, but thinking there was no immediate danger, had mounted their horses at day light, and rode over to Clark Hollenback's who kept a store, to see if he had any news of Indian troubles. As the men rode up to the house they called out "halloo," which was answered by the report of about one hundred guns in the hands of Indians lying in ambush. Strange as it may appear, only one ball took effect, and that was in the neck of Cumming's horse, producing only a slight wound. The men wheeled about and fled on a gallop, while the Indians pursued them on foot, yelling at the top of their voice. The Indians in pursuit of the fugitives came near where Mr. Hollenback lay concealed, but in their haste did not observe him. The Indians soon gave up the chase, and returned to the house to watch for other settlers. Mr. Hollenback now left his place of concealment, and in his flight eastward, came up with the wagon containing his family and friends, who supposed he had been killed the night before—when they all continued their flight toward Plainfield.

Clark Hollenback kept a store on Fox river, and when the Indians reached it, they found plenty of whisky and tobacco, and instead of pursuing the settlers, they got on a spree, turned out their ponies to graze, and spent the night and next day in drunken revelry—by this means the settlers escaped with their lives.

When the settlers were notified of their danger, Mr. Harris, with his two sons, were off hunting their horses, which had strayed away the day before, and the family had no means of flight, except on foot. At that time old Mr. Combs, Mrs. Harris' father, was living with the family, and being confined to his bed with inflammatory rheumatism, could not accompany them in their flight. The family regretted to leave him thus, but Mr. Combs replied: "Flee for your lives, and leave me to my fate; I am an old man, and can live but a short time at any rate." Mrs. Harris, with her children, left on foot, and being joined by the Aments and Clarks, and next day overtaken by Harris and his sons, they continued on to Plainfield.

Soon after Mrs. Harris with her children left, the house was entered by a party of Indians, who, finding the supper on the

table, sat down and ate. While eating, they talked about the flight of their intended victims, and one said to the other, "Shaubena did this." Instead of killing Mr. Combs, as might have been expected, they administered to his wants, and for nearly a week visited him daily, supplying him with food and drink. Afterward Harris' cabin was visited by a company of rangers, who found old Mr. Combs improved in health, and they took him to Plainfield, and afterward to Chicago with his friends.

PANIC AT FORT BEGGS.

The settlers about Plainfield, being so far away from other frontier settlements, were not notified of the commencement of hostilities, and were surprised when the inhabitants from Fox river came fleeing from the dreaded enemy, crying "Indians!" "Indians!" Some of the fugitives were in wagons; some on horseback, others on foot; many of them bareheaded and barefooted, having left every thing behind in their flight.

On arriving at Plainfield they concluded to build a temporary fortification and remain here during the war. The cabin of Rev. S.

R. Beggs was selected, and around it they erected barricades constructed of fence rails, logs from out-buildings, etc., and by way of courtesy, called it Fort Beggs. Here in this temporary fortification, without arms or means of defense, the settlers remained a number of days. But when the people of Chicago heard of their exposed condition, they raised a company of twenty-five mounted rangers, and thirty friendly Indians, under the command of Captain Naper, and came to their rescue.

On the following day Captain Naper, with his rangers, went on a scout through the Fox River settlement in search of Indians, while David Lawton, with the friendly Indians, agreed to visit the Big Woods, (now Aurora,) and meet at the cabin of George Hollenback. Lawton, after making his tour, according to the programme, came to the cabin of Hollenback, where he expected to meet Captain Naper with the rangers. But instead of meeting friends, he found himself surrounded by about one hundred hostile Indians, who took him prisoner, and threatened to put him to death. Lawton had been with the Indians a number of years, married a squaw, and by her obtained from the Gov-

ernment a reservation of land near the present site of Yorkville. After a long parley, and through the intercession of his Indian friends, Lawton was liberated, and as soon as free he and his companions put their horses on a gallop for Plainfield. After stopping there a moment, they continued their flight to Chicago. Lawton believed that the rangers under Capt. Naper were killed, as they did not meet him according to agreement. He said the country was full of Indians, and the fort, in all probability, would be attacked that night, advising the settlers to leave it immediately and flee to Chicago. This report of Lawton caused a great panic among the settlers; some were in favor of going in a body to Chicago, others thought best to scatter through the woods, but a majority decided to remain in the fort and defend it if attacked. Bonfires were built and kept burning all night around the fort, so that the Indians could be seen if they approached it. James Walker was elected Captain of the party, and all remained at their post expecting to be attacked during the night, but no enemy appeared.

Two days after this panic, Captain Naper with his company of rangers returned to

Fort Beggs and reported the Indian creek massacre, and of the Indians burning houses and killing stock all through the settlements. Under the escort of the rangers, the settlers left Fort Beggs the next morning for Chicago and reached their destination without being molested. It is said the Indians lay in ambush at the crossing of Flag creek, but on finding the settlers accompanied by an armed force, abandoned the intended attack.

CHAPTER XVI.

REV. ADAM PAYNE.

The Rev. Adam Payne was born in Summerset county, Penn., in the year 1781, and emigrated to the Territory of Ohio in 1799, where he lived about thirteen years. From Ohio he went to Kentucky, and in 1820 located in Indiana. Payne, being captivated with the Prairie State, moved his family to Illinois in the spring of 1831, and located them on a claim near Fox river timber, five miles west of Holderman's Grove.

Payne was ordained an Elder in the Christian church then called "New Lights," but soon after dissolved his church connections, preaching independently of any organization. He traveled through the country from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada, and from the Eastern States as far west as the settlements extended, sending his appointments ahead,

and preaching mostly to large, out-door audiences, on the plan of Lorenzo Dow. When it became necessary to have money for traveling expenses he would take up a collection, but if the contribution exceeded the required amount he would return the surplus to the audience, to be appropriated to some benevolent purpose.

In the summer of 1830, Payne, assisted by Mike Girty, a half-breed, who acted as an interpreter, preached to a number of Indian bands with great success; many of the warriors embracing Christianity. Payne was not an educated man, but his eloquence being of a high order gave him great notoriety, and he was known by reputation everywhere throughout the country.

In the spring of 1832 I heard Payne preach to a large audience, on a public square of a town in Ohio, and his peculiar personal appearance, and forcible illustrations, formed a picture in my youthful imagination which never can be erased. His long, wavy beard, as black as a crow, reached to his waist, covering his breast, while the hair of his head, equally long, hung in confused clusters down his back, with his high, white marble-like forehead, and his tall, manly

form, gave him a very imposing appearance. His eloquence and peculiar manner of address had a magic effect on the audience, causing them to laugh and cry alternately, and a number of hardened sinners were converted under his preaching.

Payne returned to Illinois about the middle of May, 1832, to visit his family after a long absence, and on his arrival in Chicago learned of the Indian war. After remaining here a day or two, he left for his home, which was about seventy miles distant. People warned him of his danger in traveling through a country in the possession of hostile savages, but he believed the Indians would not molest him, as he had been preaching among them, and was known by many as *Bu-zee Che-mo-ka-man* (that is, a hairy white man). On the morning the Rev. Adam Payne left Chicago, by permission of Col. Owen, who had charge of Fort Dearborn, he mounted a store box which was standing at the farther end of the military parade ground, now the corner of Water street and Michigan avenue, and commenced singing a hymn. His loud musical voice soon brought a large crowd of listeners, including most of the people then living in Chicago, and for two

hours they were held spell-bound by the eloquence of the speaker. This was Payne's last sermon, and it is described by one of his hearers as exceeding, in eloquence and power, anything he had ever heard. The audience, consisting of citizens, traders, soldiers, and half-breeds, at the conclusion of the sermon, were left in tears.

Payne reached Plainfield without being molested, and remained over night with the Rev. S. R. Beggs, in his cabin, at that time surrounded with pickets, and called Fort Beggs. Next morning Fort Beggs was abandoned, and the settlers who had been quartered there for a few days fled to Chicago. The people tried to prevail on Payne to accompany them to Chicago, telling him the country westward was full of Indians, but believing they would not harm him, he continued on his way, expecting to find his family at his brother's, Aaron Payne, who lived in Putnam county. Payne had a spy glass in his pocket, with which he could see an Indian at a great distance, and had confidence in the fleetness of his beautiful bay mare, and, prepared as he was, thought he could make the journey in safety. After bidding farewell to friends, he mounted his

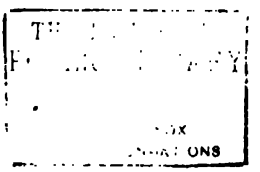
horse, and as the noble animal cantered proudly away, the people took their last look at this man of God, as he met his fate that same day at the hands of savages.

MURDER OF REV. ADAM PAYNE.

The following account of the murder of Payne is taken from the statements of an Indian who participated in it, and, notwithstanding it conflicts with a few apparently well-authenticated facts, it is believed to be correct in the main.

About two o'clock in the afternoon of a bright May day, the Rev. Adam Payne was slowly pursuing his way by a skirt of timber near Holderman's Grove, humming a favorite tune, unconscious of danger—not aware that a deadly foe was concealed in a cluster of underbrush near by—when, all of a sudden, the report of guns was heard, and he felt a bullet enter his body. One ball lodged in Payne's shoulder, while another one pierced the body of his horse, producing a mortal wound. On looking around he discovered three Indians on horseback coming out of the bushes and approaching him at a gallop. Payne's horse was put at

Murder of Rev. Adam Payne.



full speed and for five miles the noble animal carried its master swiftly across the prairie, leaving the pursuers far behind. But the horse, having received a mortal wound, from loss of blood, gave out, stopped, staggered, and fell dead under the rider. In a few moments the Indians came up with their victim, and in fiendish glee they danced around him, yelling and flourishing their tomahawks in a threatening manner. Payne, with his Bible in one hand and the other pointed heavenward, appealed to the Indians for mercy, when two of the savages lowered their weapons, but the third one buried his tomahawk in his skull, and, with a groan, he fell to the ground and expired in a few moments. One of the Indians cut off Payne's head and taking the beard, which was about two feet long, in his hand, threw the bloody head over his shoulder, and in this way carried it into camp. The Indians at the camp were delighted with their prize, and, placing the head on a pole, commenced dancing around it. Girty, the leader of the band, with some of his warriors, at the time were out on a scout, and on returning to camp found their comrades rejoicing over their trophy. This was

food for their savage nature, and, imbibing the enthusiasm of the other warriors, they, too, took part in the dance. Around the pole they yelled and danced, and danced and yelled, causing the woods to ring with their wild whoops, and the sound re-echoed from the surrounding timber. Girty supposed the head on the pole around which they were dancing to be that of a woman, mistaking the long beard for the hair of the head. But, on making an examination, he recognized the head of Adam Payne, his old friend with whom he traveled two years before. On making this discovery he was much grieved, and, with sighs and groans, he beat his breast with his hands, and for a moment gave himself up to feelings of remorse. Then, grasping his tomahawk, he was about to slay the murderer of his friend, but was prevented from doing so by the interference of the warriors.

Girty ordered the head taken down from the pole and buried near by, and over the grave he burned a sacrifice, consisting of his most valuable articles, in order to appease the wrath of the Great Spirit.

Some days after Payne's death a company of rangers, among whom were George E.

Walker, and Col. G. S. Hubbard, found his headless body on the prairie between Holderman's Grove and Ottawa. Near by they found Payne's pocket Bible with about one hundred texts marked in it, and on his person undisturbed were his papers, spy-glass, and fifty dollars in money, all of which were sent to his family. The body was buried near where it was found, and the place marked, and is now pointed out on the farm of Martin Brundage, five miles northeast of Marseilles. On the same day the rangers found a human head stuck on a pole by the side of the road at the west end of Holderman's Grove, which was thought to belong to Adam Payne, as it had a long black beard, but by decomposition and the picking of buzzards the features could not be made out. This head was carried to Ottawa by a person whose name is not recalled, and the putrid flesh taken off with alkali. Some time afterward this skull was sent to Aaron Payne, who had it buried in the grave with his mother in the family cemetery of Aaron Whitaker on Clear creek.

It is now believed that the head found on a pole by the rangers belonged to a Dunkard with long black beard, who was at that time

on his way from Chicago to Fulton county, but never reached it, and supposed to have been killed by the Indians. The head found here answers the description of the missing Dunkard as well as Adam Payne, which makes it quite probable that it belonged to the former, and that the Indian account relating to the burial of Payne's head is correct.

GEN. SCOTT AND THE VOLUNTEER.

Aaron Payne, a brother of Adam, the murdered man, lived on Clear creek, eight miles southeast of Hennepin, in Putnam county. On receiving the sad tidings of his brother's death, he, although a minister of the gospel, and a man of wealth, shouldered his rifle, enlisted in a company of volunteers, and went forth in pursuit of Black Hawk.

Payne, with others of his company, while in pursuit of retreating Indians near Bad Axe, came up with a squaw and a small Indian boy, crouched behind a fallen tree, but thinking the party harmless, passed on without molesting them. After the rangers passed, the boy raised his gun and shot Payne from his horse, and in return the boy

and squaw were riddled with bullets. Two balls entered Payne's shoulder, lodging near the spine, and he was thought to be mortally wounded.

When intelligence of Payne's fall reached his family they mourned for his death, believing he was then in his grave.

About three months after this event, Aaron Payne, pale and emaciated, rode up to his cabin door, and was hailed by his family and friends as one risen from the dead.

The following sketch relating to Aaron Payne, is taken from Gen. Scott's autobiography, a book published many years ago.

The hero of Lundy's Lane and conqueror of Mexico, after describing many things at Prairie du Chien on his arrival there in the summer of 1832, continues: "While inspecting the hospital at Fort Crawford, I was struck with a remarkably fine head of a tall volunteer lying on his side and seeking relief in a book. To my question, 'What have you there, my friend?' the wounded man pointed to the title page of 'Young's Night Thoughts.' I sat down on the edge of the bunk, already interested in the reader, to learn more of his history.

"The wounded volunteer said his brother, Rev. Adam Payne, fell an early victim to Black Hawk's band, and he (not in the spirit of revenge, but to protect the frontier settlements,) volunteered as a private soldier. While riding into the battle-field of Bad Axe he passed a small Indian boy, whom he might have killed, but thought him a harmless child. 'After passing, the boy fired, lodging two balls near my spine, when I fell from my horse.' The noble volunteer, although suffering great pain from his wound, said he preferred his condition to the remorse he should have felt if he had killed the boy, believing him to be harmless."

Aaron Payne is now living at North Yamhill, Oregon, in the eighty-ninth year of his age, still in the enjoyment of health and vigor, and to him I am indebted for many items given in this book. Payne is a minister of the gospel, and for a number of years was a member of the legislature of that new State. The two balls still remain in his back, from which he is a cripple and a pensioner.

CHAPTER XVII.

KILLING OF ST. VRAIN AND OTHERS.

While the army lay at Dixon's Ferry it became necessary to send a dispatch to Galena, and Felix St. Vrain volunteered to carry it. St. Vrain was the agent of the Sacs and Foxes, and lived at Rock Island. At one time he was very popular with the Indians, but of late they entertained ill feelings toward him, believing that he had been instrumental in driving them from their village.

St. Vrain was furnished with an escort of five soldiers, and accompanied by three citizens named A. Higginbotham, A. Floyd, and Mr. Hawley, the three latter persons wishing to go through to Galena. Early in the morning St. Vrain and party were ferried across the river, and started on their journey for Galena. Being well armed, mounted on

fleet horses, and, although it was sixty-five miles to Galena, they expected to reach there before dark. The party proceeded on their way unmolested until they reached Kellogg's Grove, forty miles from Dixon's Ferry. While passing through the grove they discovered an Indian cross the road and secrete himself among the thick underbrush. The travelers became alarmed, thinking the woods full of Indians, and most of them were in favor of turning back, when St. Vrain said there was no danger, as the Indians would not molest him or his friends, if they should fall into their hands. While consulting about what to do, they found themselves surrounded by a large body of Indians, some on foot, others mounted on ponies, all of whom collected around the party with their guns raised in a threatening manner. St. Vrain addressed the Indians in their own language, saying, "Don't shoot, we are friends." To which the chief replied, "We know no friends," and raising the war-whoop, the Indians fired on the whites, killing five of the party, while those surviving urged their horses into a gallop, closely pursued by the savages, yelling at the top of their voices. The horse on which St. Vrain

was mounted received a mortal wound, and after running a few rods, fell under him. In a moment he was surrounded by Indians, who rejoiced at their good success, and in wild glee danced around their victim, flourishing their tomahawks over his head in a threatening manner.

Little Bear, the leader of the party, had long been a friend of St. Vrain, having adopted him as a brother, being often at his house, ate at his table, and trotted his little ones on his knee. To him the agent looked for protection, but all in vain. When Little Bear came up, the prisoner offered him his hand, but he refused to take it, and with a withering scowl on his face, ordered him to stand back. St. Vrain appealed to the chief for mercy; for the sake of his wife and little ones, to spare his life; but the claim of former friendship was disregarded, and nothing could change the purpose of this bloodthirsty savage, saying to the prisoner he had been a traitor to their tribe, and assisted Gen. Gaines in driving them from their village, and for that offense it had been decided in council that he should die. While St. Vrain was pleading for his life before the chief, Little Bear, one of the warriors struck

him on the head with his tomahawk, when, with a groan, he fell to the ground. Before life was extinct the Indians cut off his head, feet and hands, and taking out the heart, they roasted and ate it, to make themselves brave. After dancing around the body, celebrating their victory, the savages left it lying in the road, where it was found next day by a party from Galena. Mr. Hawley was mounted on a fleet horse which left the Indian ponies far behind, but in his flight he fell in with another party of warriors, who captured him, and report says, he was burned at the stake.

Higginbotham and Floyd made their escape, and reached Galena in safety. On their arrival at Galena, and carrying thither the sad tidings, a company of armed men was raised to visit the scene of blood. In this company was George W. Jones, a brother-in-law of St. Vrain, and who, some years afterward, represented Iowa in the United States Senate. This party found the remains of the dead, and buried them near where they fell by the side of the road. The body of St. Vrain was recognized by the dispatch in his coat pocket, which had not been disturbed.

GOV. REYNOLDS' DISPATCH.

Governor Reynolds accompanied the volunteers, commanded by Gen. Whitesides, up Rock river to Dixon's Ferry in advance of the regular army under Gen. Atkinson. Here the Governor remained a number of weeks, making this place his headquarters, and from here issued his proclamations, and sent dispatches to different parts of the State. As the time of enlistment of the volunteers under Whitesides and Stillman was about to expire, the Governor issued a proclamation, calling for three thousand fresh troops. But all communication between the army and settled part of the State, was now cut off, as no mails could pass through the country, consequently it became necessary to send the proclamation to Fort Wilborn on the Illinois river, from which it would be forwarded to the capital and settlements below.

The Governor found great difficulty in getting a bearer of his dispatches, as the country was thought to be filled with hostile savages, and every day brought news of fresh depredations. Fifteen persons had been killed on Indian creek. Rev. Adam Payne,

Mr. Durley, St. Vrain, and party, with others, fell victims to savages a few days before. Col. Taylor (late President of the United States) rode through the encampment calling for a volunteer to carry the Governor's dispatch, but no one offered his services; even veteran soldiers, who make war a profession, could not be induced to undertake this perilous journey. As Colonel Taylor was about to despair of finding a volunteer to carry the papers, Dad Joe,* who was dressed in a long gray hunting shirt, with a large rope tied around his waist, and speaking so loud as to be heard all over the camp, sang out, "God bless you, Colonel, I'll have that dispatch carried for you," and addressing his son, a lad of fifteen years of age, said: "Joe, put the saddle on Pat, and carry these

* Joseph Smith, but known everywhere by the name of Dad Joe. Dad Joe was a Western pioneer, having lived at different places among the Indians, and was well acquainted with their customs and habits. Two years before the Black Hawk war he made a claim on the Peoria and Galena road, twenty miles south of Dixon's Ferry, at a grove of timber which still bears his name. Dad Joe was a thick, heavy set man, of great physical power, and always clothed in a loose garment, with a rope, or leather girdle around his loins. He had a heavy bass voice, and in common conversation spoke so loud as to cause strangers to look at him with astonishment. His remarkable personal appearance, peculiar manners, with his lion-like voice, gave him great notoriety, and there were but few Western people in those days who had not heard of Dad Joe.

papers to Fort Wilborn." As the boy left on a canter, Dad Joe shouted to him in a voice that could be heard for a mile distant, saying: "Joe, keep away from the timber, out of gunshot of the Indians, and see that the saddle does not hurt Pat's back."

As young Joe approached Lost Grove on his way to Fort Wilborn, he was discovered by two Indians who hastened to give notice to their comrades. At that time a band of Indians were encamped in the grove, and on learning that a lone traveler had been seen on the prairie, they mounted their ponies and started in pursuit, but on reaching the head of the grove they found the traveler far in advance, and mounted as he was on a fleet horse, which without doubt would distance their ponies, they abandoned further pursuit.

As the lad came near Lost Grove he discovered some flour which had been spilled, and fresh pony tracks near by. This alarmed him, and he put his horse on a gallop, which in all probability was the means of saving his life.

This boy, unarmed and alone, traveled forty-five miles through an unsettled country, without any road, and before night delivered the Governor's dispatch to the com-

manding officer at Fort Wilborn, when the soldiers gave three cheers for the bearer.

Governor Reynolds frequently spoke of this affair as one of the most heroic exploits of the Black Hawk war.

FLIGHT OF GEN. ATKINSON'S ESCORT.

Governor Reynolds, while at Dixon's Ferry, issued a proclamation calling for three thousand volunteers, who were to rendezvous at Beardstown and Hennepin. Afterward, these volunteers were ordered to Fort Wilborn, where they were mustered into service. About the middle of June, General Atkinson, Governor Reynolds and Colonel Taylor, with an escort of twenty-five soldiers belonging to the regular army, left Dixon's Ferry for Fort Wilborn, to meet these volunteers and prepare them for active service.

While this party were on their way to Fort Wilborn, and crossing the prairie near Perkins' Grove, they encountered Captain Willis' company of rangers from Putnam county. Each party mistook the other for Indians, and both prepared for action. After some maneuvering on both sides, the

Flight of Gen. Atkinson's Escort.

regulars, with General Atkinson at their head, gave way, and were pursued by the rangers at the top of their speed. The race continued for a number of miles across the prairie in the direction of the Illinois river. Both pursued and pursuers urged their horses forward under the whip. The rangers having gained on the fugitives, discovered they were soldiers instead of Indians, when they blew a horn and raised their blankets in order to stop them. At last the regulars, finding their pursuers were not the painted foe, as they had supposed, came to a halt, and sent back two of their number to reconnoitre, when the whole matter was fully explained.

Governor Reynolds and Colonel Taylor were in camp dress with rifles on their shoulders, wearing nothing to distinguish them from private soldiers; but General Atkinson was in full uniform and wearing a cocked hat of the Revolutionary pattern. The General, being mounted on a fleet horse, which he urged forward under the spurs, and, with his sword raised above his head, kept in advance of his comrades, thinking, no doubt, of saving his own scalp.

When Captain Willis came up with Gen-

eral Atkinson, he rebuked him for his cowardice, which had given both parties so much trouble. Probably this is the first time the Commander-in-Chief of the Western army was reproved by a militia captain.

SHAUBENA IN PURSUIT OF BLACK-HAWK.

While the regular army under Gen. Atkinson lay at Dixon's Ferry waiting for reinforcements to enable them to pursue Black Hawk, a number of Pottawatomie warriors joined it, and were mustered into service. Among these volunteers, Shaubena, Waubonsie and Billy Caldwell were the principal chiefs, each of whom expected to be leader of the warriors. Gen. Atkinson, after consulting with his officers and other parties about the merits of the different aspirants, gave Shaubena the chief command of his Indian allies. This offended Waubonsie and Billy Caldwell, and they left the service soon after, taking with them many of their warriors.

Shaubena and his warriors remained with the army during the campaign, doing good service while acting as scouts, by keeping Gen. Atkinson posted on the movements of the enemy.

Near Four Lakes the army came up with the Sacs and Foxes who were secreted in thick timber, partly surrounded by water and swamp. A neck of the lake about one hundred yards in width separated the contending forces; an attempt was made to cross this water by constructing rafts, but night coming on, the work was abandoned. During the night some of the Sacs and Foxes came in hearing distance of the army, and hallooing over to the soldiers, said in a braggadocio way, that Black Hawk's braves could whip Atkinson's army, and their squaws could whip Shaubena's warriors. At these taunting remarks, Shaubena became very angry, and asked permission of Gen. Atkinson to take his warriors around the head of the lake and attack the enemy during the darkness of the night, but his request was not granted.

Next day the army went around the water and swamp which lay between the contending forces and made preparations to charge on the Indians in their hiding place. Shaubena with his warriors led this charge; putting their ponies on a gallop, and yelling at the top of their voice, they went through the thick timber at full speed, but met with no

resistance, as the enemy had fled during the night.

THE STOLEN HAT.

In the winter of 1831 and '32, Gov. Clark, of St. Louis, general Indian Agent of the West, on hearing that Shaubena had been instrumental in preventing the Pottawatomies from becoming allies of Black Hawk's band, sent him a number of presents, among which was a fur hat, with a wide silver band. On this hat band was engraved many devices representing war and carnage on one side with friendship, pipe of peace, etc., on the other. For safe keeping, Shaubena carried this hat to John M. Gay, who lived a few miles north of the present site of Wyanet. Mr. Gay put the hat in the garret of his cabin where it would be safe until called for. But in the following spring came the Black Hawk war, when Gay, with his family, fled from the country, leaving Shaubena's hat, with other things, in his cabin. On returning in the fall he found that the Indians had stolen most of his goods, and among other things missing was Shaubena's hat. After the war Shaubena called on Gay to get his hat, and was much grieved to find it stolen.

Shaubena, with his Warriors, in Pursuit of Black Hawk. 221

It appears this hat was stolen from Gay's cabin soon after he left it, by a party of Indians, who carried it to the Sac and Fox camp, and it was worn by Black Hawk at the great feast and council near Four Lakes. On the battle field of Wisconsin river this hat was found by one of Gen. Dodge's rangers, who carried it to Galena, where it was kept for some time, as one of the trophies of war. Some years after the war a half-breed recognized this hat as the one stolen from Gay's cabin, and worn by Black Hawk at the council of Four Lakes.

DEPREDATIONS COMMITTED BY POTTAWATOMIES.

In conversation with Shaubena a few years after the Black Hawk war, he said the depredations on the frontier settlements were committed by Pottawatomies, and this statement has been confirmed by other Indians with whom I have conversed. In almost every band there were some disaffected warriors that took up the tomahawk to avenge some real or imaginary wrongs received at the hands of settlers. Two of Shaubena's band, one of whom was his brother-in-law

named Mehokee, joined the hostile forces, taking part in the Indian Creek massacre and other depredations committed on settlers. These disaffected Indians formed themselves into guerrilla bands and hung around the frontier settlements, sometimes lying in ambush to shoot settlers as they returned to look after their property.

A large band of warriors was encamped for some time in the thick timber of Main Bureau, four miles north of the present site of Princeton, and from them small parties were sent in different directions searching for victims. After the war some of the settlers found places near their cabins where Indians had lain in ambush watching their return. Although the Indians burned no houses on Bureau, they destroyed and stole various kinds of property, killed fat cattle, hogs, turkeys, chickens, etc. On Fox river the Indians burned almost every house, shot horses, cattle and hogs, destroying all kinds of property, leaving the country desolate. Notwithstanding different companies of rangers made frequent tours through the country, the Indians kept out of their sight.

Eight miles northeast of Ottawa the Indians killed a man by the name of Schermer-

horn, and pursued others, who made their escape by flight. On Indian creek they attacked a party of whites while picking strawberries, killed James Berrisford and wounded Captain McFadden, who was shot in the leg, and the same ball passed through the body of his horse, producing a mortal wound. The horse was put into a gallop, and, after running about one mile, fell dead, but it had carried the rider out of the reach of the savages, who, therefore, escaped with his life.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SETTLERS ATTACKED BY INDIANS.

On the 17th of June, 1832, seven persons, named Elijah Phillips, J. Hodges, Sylvester Brigham, John L. Ament, Aaron Gunn, James G. Forristall, and a lad of sixteen by the name of Ziba Dimmick, left Hennepin for Bureau settlement to look after their cattle which had been left to run at large on the prairie. On arriving at Ament's cabin, which was situated in the edge of the timber, one and a half miles north of the present site of Dover, and on a farm now occupied by Mathew Taylor, they prepared and ate their dinner, after which, arrangements were made to return to Hennepin. But it commenced raining, so the party concluded to stay all night at the cabin, believing it perfectly safe to do so, as no Indian signs had been seen in that vicinity. The settlers

barricaded the doors and windows of the cabin with heavy puncheons, and, with their loaded rifles by their side, lay down on the floor to sleep.

Immediately west of Ament's cabin lay the big Indian sugar camp, a part of which was included in his claim. For many years this sugar camp had been a kind of head-quarters for Indians, and here lived, during the winter and spring of each year, a petty chief named Meommuse, who had in his band ten or twelve lodges, or families. These Indians and their ancestors had made sugar here for forty-two years in succession, and were very much displeased with Ament for building his cabin so close to them. A bad feeling existed between these Indians and Ament, and, to make the matter worse, he shot one of their dogs.

A party of Indians were now encamped at the big sugar camp, one of whom discovered the settlers as they came to Ament's cabin, and immediately notified his comrades of the fact. While the whites were eating their dinner, the Indians approached the cabin cautiously, crawling on their hands and knees among the hazel-brush, and, at short range, they lay concealed, with the intention

of shooting the settlers as they came into the door-yard. After dinner, some of the party were in the cabin and others around it, talking, laughing, and cracking jokes, unconscious of danger, not knowing that a deadly foe was secreted within a few rods of them. While thus engaged it commenced raining, when the settlers went into the cabin and seated themselves around a blazing fire. Notwithstanding the rain, the Indians remained in ambush until satisfied that their intended victims would remain in the cabin all night, when they left for their camp.

Among this band of warriors were a number of Pottawatomies, who had been raised on Bureau, one of whom was a son of Meommuse, the chief above alluded to. This young warrior was well acquainted with this party of settlers, two of whom, Sylvester Brigham and James G. Forristall, he had received presents from, and therefore wished to spare their lives. But Girty, the leader of the band, whose savage nature knew no difference between former friends or foes, was in favor of killing all the party, and to this proposition the warriors finally agreed.

PHILLIPS KILLED, AND AMENT'S CABIN ATTACKED.

The Indians had decided to make an attack in the dead hour of the night, while the party were asleep, set the cabin on fire, and kill all within, but the rain continued, which defeated their plans. For many hours the Indians remained around the cabin, devising plans to murder the inmates without endangering their own lives. The door and window were examined and found so well barricaded they could not enter without awakening their intended victims. Next morning their moccasin tracks were seen around the house, and mud was noticed on the walls of the cabin where they had climbed up to look through a crack between the logs. After holding a consultation, the Indians decided to abandon further operations that night, and they returned to their camp with the intention of attacking the settlers next morning, as they would leave the cabin for Hennepin.

Early next morning the Indians concealed themselves in the thick hazel brush, as they had done the day before, awaiting the exit of the settlers. Mr. Phillips being the first one to leave the cabin, came upon the In-

dians as they lay in ambush, and was in the act of turning around to run back, when the report of many rifles was heard, followed by a shrill war-whoop, and poor Phillips lay a corpse, pierced by two bullets. The Indians, with deafening yells, now rushed forth from their hiding places, tomahawked their victim, and surrounded the cabin. The settlers in great haste closed the door, and pointed their guns at the Indians through the cracks in the wall. A gun in the hands of J. Hodges, coming in contact with Girty's breast, caused him to flee, and followed by his comrades, they took shelter in the timber. Young Dimmick called a horse to the window, caught, mounted, and put him to the top of his speed for Hennepin, sixteen miles distant. Dimmick's arrival at Hennepin with the sad tidings, caused a great panic among the people, and some believed that Black Hawk's whole band was about to attack the settlement. On that day a part of two companies of rangers were in Hennepin for the purpose of being mustered out of service, and among them a call was made for volunteers to go to the rescue. Timid men were in favor of leaving the settlers at Ament's cabin to their fate, as an attempt to

Phillips Killed, and Ament's Cabin Attacked. 231

rescue them would only result in a further sacrifice of life. Some of the women commenced wringing their hands and crying, beseeching the men not to leave the settlers to be tomahawked by the Indians, urging their husbands and sons to go to the rescue, while they set about running pewter spoons into bullets, to supply them with cartridges. About thirty persons volunteered to go to the rescue, and after being ferried across the river, they put their horses on a gallop for Ament's cabin. When near the cabin they called a halt, not knowing but it was full of Indians, when Ament displayed a white cloth through an opening which he had made in the clapboard roof—a signal that all was right. On arriving at Ament's cabin they found the remaining five safe, not having ventured out since the murder.

The body of Phillips, undisturbed since his death, was lying in the door-yard, with his face turned upward. One bullet had entered his breast in the region of the heart, and another had pierced his stomach. There were marks of tomahawk strokes on his temples, and also on the neck, but the savages, in their haste, had failed to scalp him.

FLIGHT OF THE INDIANS, AND PURSUIT OF THE RANGERS.

The Indians remained in ambush, watching the cabin until the rangers came in sight, when they left in such haste as to leave some of their blankets at their hiding place. The Indians went about one mile and secreted themselves in a thick cluster of undergrowth, and here awaited the approach of the rangers.

The rangers remained at the cabin some time, undecided what to do, but at last started in pursuit of the Indians. They took the trail of the Indians and followed it to the crossing of the creek, and within a short distance of the ambuscade. Had they continued on their way, the probabilities are that most of the rangers would have lost their lives, as the Indians were so well secreted among the thick bushes at short range, but few, if any, could have escaped. The rangers, having lost the trail, returned to Ament's cabin, and taking with them the remains of Phillips, left for Hennepin.

HOSTILITIES THREATENED.

In the spring of 1833, a number of Pottawatomies and Winnebagoes met in council

and made an effort to unite these tribes in a war against the settlers. Indians were frequently seen riding across the country on a gallop, supposed to be engaged in carrying tidings from place to place, and groups of warriors collected here and there engaged in earnest conversation. The Indians no longer visited the settlers' cabins, but appeared shy and unfriendly, absenting themselves from the whites. It was noticed that they did not return to their villages after their winter hunt as formerly, and were planting no corn. Their furs and pelts were exchanged for munitions of war instead of the necessaries of life.

The settlers noticed these indications of war, became alarmed, and many of them abandoned their claims and fled from the country, while others commenced building fortifications.

A Winnebago chief, named Jerro or Sharro, who had a village on Rock river, with thirty of his warriors, visited Rock Island, and while there made some hostile demonstrations. With painted faces they entered the residence of Col. George Davenport without knocking or speaking, and placed themselves in a row around the room with the

breech of their guns on the floor, and in this way they stood like marble statues without saying a word. The family became frightened, expecting every moment to be murdered by these savages, and sent one of their number for Col. Davenport who was at the fort, when, in great haste, he returned to his house. On entering the house, Davenport addressed the warriors in their own language, and at the same time offered them his hand, but they refused to take it, remaining silent and motionless. Failing to make them speak, Davenport went into his store and got thirty small looking glasses and gave one to each of the Indians. The chief asked Davenport what they were for, to which he replied, so they might see how pretty they looked. At this incident, Jerro laughed, picked up his gun, and, followed by his warriors, marched out of the house, and immediately left the island.

The object the Indians had in thus acting, still remains a mystery, but it is thought they had an evil design. Sometime afterward an Indian told Col. Davenport that it was Jerro's intention to murder him and his family, and carry off the goods in the store,

but he was deterred from doing so by finding a large number of soldiers at the fort.

An Indian trader named Smithson, accompanied by a young half-breed, ascended Rock river in a canoe loaded with goods for the Indian trade, intending to stop at Jerro's village. The trader was never heard from afterward, and people believed that he was killed by the Indians and his goods confiscated.

During the spring of 1833, the Indians on Rock river, with Jerro at their head, held councils and war dance, when the people became alarmed. John Dixon sent his family to Peoria for safety, and for some weeks people were afraid to travel to and from the lead mine.

These acts of the Indians still remain a mystery, and their strange conduct has never been fully accounted for. Some think the Indians intended to make war on the settlers, but the latter fled before their plans were matured, while others believe different, as they made no hostile demonstrations. Shaubena said the Indians, as a body, had no intention of going to war. The trouble was confined to two bands of Winnebagoes and Autuckee's band of Pottawatomies at Indian-

town. The latter claimed that four of their warriors were secretly killed by the whites, and therefore meditated revenge. Two dead Indians were found on Bureau, and two others disappeared mysteriously, supposed to have been shot by a notorious character by the name of Dave Jones.

Some time before, Captain Jesse Brown had been commissioned by the President to raise a company of volunteers known as Brown's Rangers. These rangers were now quartered in the frontier settlement to protect the inhabitants from Indian depredations, and may have prevented hostilities and the effusion of blood.

CHAPTER XIX.

JUDICIARY OF THE EARLY TIMES.

In 1833 all the north part of the State was in one judicial district, Richard M. Young being judge, and Thomas Ford prosecuting attorney. Judge Young lived at Quincy, and his places of holding court, were Rock Island, Galena, Chicago, Ottawa, Hennepin, Peoria, Lewiston and Knoxville. In making this circuit, the judge traveled about six hundred miles, which was performed twice a year, and always on horseback. The judge had a good horse, was an excellent rider, and was generally accompanied by the prosecuting attorney and a number of itinerant lawyers who followed the court from place to place to practice their profession.

The circuit was so arranged that the courts followed each other in succession, so the judge and attorneys could pass from one to

the other in the circuit, being a large portion of their time on horseback. Each lawyer carried in his saddle-bags, in addition to a change of linen, an abridged copy of Blackstone or Chitty, while the judge carried the Statutes and a copy of Reports.

At that time there were but few hotels, roads or bridges, and travelers would pass from one settlement to another along Indian trails, sometimes swimming streams, camping out at night, or sleeping in an Indian wigwam. The county seats were small villages consisting of only a few log cabins, with a school house or church for a court-room. At each court most of the eligible citizens were subpœnaed as grand or petit jurors, and during the term most of them would sleep on the floor or in haymows.

Judge Young, Thomas Ford, Lewis Biglow and John L. Bogardus, (the two latter, lawyers of Peoria), were on their way to Chicago for the purpose of attending court, when night overtook them and in the darkness they lost their way. After wandering about until quite late, they came to an Indian encampment and spent the night in a wigwam. Next morning they continued on their way toward Chicago, being well satisfied with the

cheapness of their hotel bill, having paid it with a five-cent plug of tobacco.

THE BAND COMPELLED TO GO WEST.

In the summer of 1836, the Indian agent, Capt. J. B. Russell notified Shaubena that his band must go West to lands assigned them by the Government in accordance with the treaty, as no one but himself and family could remain on the reservation. Shaubena said he did not like to leave his home where he had spent most of his days, but could not think of being separated from his people, therefore he would go with them. The agent offered to move them at the expense of the Government, as other bands were moved, but Shaubena said he did not require it, as they had plenty of ponies to pack all their tents, and the hunters could supply them with food while making the journey.

In September, Shaubena's band left their grove, came to Main Bureau creek and camped at the crossing of the Peoria and Galena road, where they remained about six weeks engaged in hunting and fishing. At that time the band consisted of one hundred and forty-two persons, old and young, and

they had about one hundred and sixty ponies. Old settlers who had known Shaubena for many years, visited him frequently, and made him presents of green corn, melons, squashes, etc., and in return, he would send them turkeys and venison. At that time Shaubena was afflicted with the ague, some days not able to leave his couch, and he appeared very much pleased when his white friends visited him.

Shaubena said he had hunted on Bureau for thirty years in succession, but this was his last hunt, as he should go West in a few days where he expected to leave his bones, and never more visit the land of his youth. The young Indians were full of life and mirth; but Shaubena at times appeared sad, frequently expressing his regret at being compelled to leave the country where he had spent his infancy, youth and manhood, and now in his old age to seek a new home in the far West.

On a windy day late in October, as the leaves were falling fast, being blown hither and thither by the strong gale, and the grove almost stripped of its foliage, I, in company with others, visited Shaubena's camp, where we found everything ready for a departure—

ponies loaded with tents, cooking utensils, squaws, papooses, etc., and with a friendly good-bye, they left for a home in the West.

DEATH OF PYPEGEE AND PYPS.

Shaubena's band located on lands assigned them by the Government in Western Kansas, and here the old chief intended to end his days, but circumstances caused him to do otherwise. Soon after the band went West, the Sacs and Foxes were moved from Iowa to this country, and located a village about fifty miles from Shaubena's. Neopope, the principal chief of Black Hawk's band, had frequently been heard to say that he would kill Shaubena, also his son and nephew, for notifying the settlers of their danger, and fighting against them in the late war. Shaubena had been warned of these threats, but he did not believe that Neopope would harm him.

In the fall of 1837, Shaubena, with his two sons and nephew, accompanied by five others, went on a buffalo hunt about one hundred miles from home, where they expected to remain for some time. Neopope thinking this a good time to take his revenge, raised a war

party and followed them. During the dead hour of the night, when all were asleep, this war party attacked the camp, killing Pypegee and Pyps, and wounding another hunter who was overtaken in his flight and slain. Shaubena, his son Smoke, with four other hunters, escaped from camp, but Neopope was on their trail and followed them almost to their home. After traveling over one hundred miles on foot without gun or blanket, and without tasting food, the fugitives reached home on the third day. Shaubena, knowing that he would be killed if he remained in Kansas, left it immediately, and with his family returned to his reservation in De Kalb county.

On a cold, wet day, in the latter part of November, 1837, I discovered a few Indians crossing the prairie, going eastward on the Sac and Fox trail. On coming up with them, I found it was Shaubena with his two squaws, children and grandchildren, about twenty-five persons in all. The old chief appeared pleased to meet me, holding on to my hand for some time, and dismounting from his pony. He inquired after many of his white friends, but said he could not see them now, for his heart was

full of trouble. I inquired of him why he came back to Illinois, to which he replied: "He could not live in Kansas, the Sacs and Foxes had killed his son and nephew, and hunted him down as though he was a wild beast, and to save his life he fled from his home during the darkness of the night." The old chief continued: "Poor Pypegee and Pyps, they were such good boys; the pride of the band; but their bodies, scalped, disrobed, and mutilated, are now lying on the cold ground, food for wolves, while their spirits are in the happy hunting grounds, where I shall meet them before many moons." Here Shaubena ceased talking, wiped away the tears with the corner of his blanket, and for a moment gave himself up to feelings of sadness.

THE ASSASSIN.

In the spring of 1838, some of Shaubena's family discovered an old decrepid squaw secreted in the thick timber near the village. Her face was highly colored with different kinds of paint, and partly concealed by a buckskin head dress. By her side lay a rifle, knife and tomahawk, and near by was

tied a poor jaded pony. The old squaw could give no account of herself; refused to tell where she came from, or whither she was going; appeared sullen and morose; but after being furnished with provisions, she mounted her pony and left the grove. This old squaw was none other than Neopope, the great war chief of Black Hawk's band, who was there in disguise for the purpose of assassinating Shaubena, having made a journey of four hundred miles for that purpose. The assassin failing in his mission, being discovered in his hiding place, and fear of detection, caused him to leave without accomplishing his bloody work. The true character of the old squaw found in the grove was unknown to Shaubena until he visited Kansas, many years afterward, when Neopope was in his grave, and the incident told by some of his friends.

CHAPTER XX.

THE RESERVATION.

In a treaty made at Prairie du Chien, July 29, 1829, between the Government and the Pottawatomies, Ottawas and Chippewas, two sections of land were reserved for Shaubena at his grove. At a subsequent treaty, made at Tippecanoe in October, 1832, this reservation was also confirmed. Again, at a treaty made at Chicago in September, 1833, it was provided that all reservations of lands to Indians should be grants in fee simple, and could be sold by the grantee the same as other lands. But this provision of the treaty was rejected by the United States Senate, leaving the lands as before—only reservations. In 1835, Shaubena concluded to sell his land and go West with his band, and, for that purpose, Col. D. F. Hitt, of Ottawa, was employed to survey it out in

advance of the Government surveys. The tract was found to contain about twelve hundred acres of excellent timber, and some eighty acres of prairie land. Wilber Walker, an Indian trader at Ottawa, was about to buy this reservation, but, from some cause, the trade fell through, and a sale was not effected until some years afterward. In 1845, Shaubena, ignorant of the repeal of that part of the treaty authorizing him to transfer his land, sold his reservation (excepting one hundred acres) to Azell and Orrin Gates. This land was subdivided by the purchasers, and sold in small tracts, at a high price, to settlers who were making farms on the prairie. The land which Shaubena reserved for himself included his village, corn-fields and part of his sugar camp. On this tract, he had a large house built, the prairie broke and fenced, which he rented out to other parties for a share of the crops. The house he never lived in, preferring a wigwam to which he was accustomed, using the former for storage purposes only. Although Shaubena sold his land for a large sum of money, he received but little in hand; the purchasers borrowed the purchase money, and agreed to pay him interest on the same.

In the spring of 1849, Shaubena, with his family, went to Kansas to visit friends, and remained there over two years, leaving his farm in care of Mr. Norton, who was to collect the rents and save them until he returned.

As soon as Shaubena was gone, persons who had learned of the repeal of that part of the treaty authorizing him to sell his land, made affidavits that he had sold and abandoned his reservation, and gone West to live. These papers were sent to the General Land Office at Washington, and the Commissioners decided that the transfer from Shaubena to A. and O. Gates was void, and, by abandoning and giving possession, Shaubena had forfeited his right to the reservation. And, in the fall of 1849, the purchasers of the lands were surprised to find it advertised to be sold at public sale at the land office at Dixon, the same as other Government lands.

In the fall of 1851, Shaubena, with his family, returned to his home at the grove, after an absence of two and a half years. On his arrival, he expected to find the rents from his farm in the hands of Mr. Norton, and the accumulated interest on the sale of

his lands in the hands of Gates, but was doomed to disappointment, all was now gone, and he was left destitute.

When Shaubena found all his possessions gone, he was broken down in spirit, and cried like a child. For many days he gave himself up to sadness, refused to be comforted, and each night went to a lonely place in the grove to pray to the Great Spirit. The man who owned the timber where he encamped cursed him for cutting camp poles, and burning some dry limbs for cooking, and ordered him to leave his timber.

This grove had been Shaubena's home for nearly fifty years; here was the grave of his first squaw and of two of his papooses, and here he expected to lay his bones. He had been a friend to the whites for many years, having saved some of their lives at the risk of his own; he had given up his position as a chief among his people, whom he loved so well, to spend the remainder of his days with his adopted friends. He was now old—past three-score and ten—no longer capable of getting a living by the chase, as in former days, and with a number of small grandchildren depending on him for support. With a sorrowful heart, Shaubena looked

for the last time upon the graves of departed loved ones, and then left the grove forever.

Shaubena never could understand why he was dispossessed of his reservation, and continued to believe, until the day of his death, that the Government had been unjust to him.

THE NEW HOME.

After Shaubena lost his possession at the grove, he pitched his tent in a grove of timber on Big Rock creek, where he remained many days, undecided what to do. Here he was visited by a number of whites, who had been his friends in former days, and by them he was presented with many valuable presents.

The citizens of Ottawa, at the solicitation of George E. Walker, raised money to buy and improve a small tract of land, on the south bank of the Illinois river, two miles above Seneca, in Grundy county. On this land they built a comfortable frame dwelling, with out-building, fencing, etc., and presented it to Shaubena for a home. This house was pleasantly situated, with a commanding view of the river, making a delight-

ful home, but Shaubena preferred living in a wigwam, in which he was born and raised, using the dwelling for a storehouse only.

Shaubena had an annuity from the Government of two hundred dollars for his services in the Black Hawk war; this fund, with contributions of friends, kept him from want. A large portion of his time was spent in traveling through the country, visiting friends and acquaintances, among whom he was much lionized and honored with public ovations.

Shaubena, in old age, was a fine portly-looking man, with an intelligent face, and distinguished for his mild disposition and social qualities. Probably no Indian in the United States was so highly esteemed and so much honored by the whites as Shaubena, receiving marked attention wherever he went.

SHAUBENA'S FAMILY.

Shaubena, in his youth, married a daughter of a Pottawatomie chief, and by her he had two children. A few years afterward, this squaw and children died, and were buried at the grove; a pen of small timbers

marked their resting place. In later years, Shaubena was in the habit of taking visitors to the graveyard and pointing out the graves of loved ones, while tears would trickle down his tawny cheeks.

After the death of his first squaw, Shaubena married another, named Mi-o-mex Ze-be-qua, and by her he had a number of children. In accordance with Indian customs, some years afterward he married another squaw, and for a time lived with both of them. The latter was a young squaw of great personal attractions, named Pok-a-no-ka, and by her he had a large family of children. The old and young squaw did not live together in perfect harmony, and their quarrels would sometimes lead to open hostility. On account of these disagreements, Pok-a-no-ka in later years left the family and lived with her people in Kansas.

The oldest son of Shaubena, whose Indian name was Pypegee, but known everywhere among the early settlers as Bill Shaubena, was a fine intelligent youth, spoke English quite well, and, like his father, frequently visited the cabins of settlers. He tried to court a daughter of one of the early settlers, and it appeared to have been the height of

his ambition (as he expressed it) to marry a white squaw. In the fall of 1837, Pypegee was killed, in Kansas, by a party of Sacs and Foxes, on account of his fidelity to the whites, as previously stated.

Shaubena's second son, named Smoke, possessed a fine commanding figure, very handsome, and a great favorite among the whites. In 1847, Smoke, while returning from Kansas, where he had been on a visit, was taken sick in Iowa and died among the whites, and by them received a Christian burial.

The youngest son, Ma-mas, became dissipated, and is now living with his band in Kansas.

Shaubena had many daughters, two of whom were young and unmarried at the time of his death. One of his daughters married a Frenchman named Beaubien, who lived near Chicago, but Ze-be-qua was his beautiful daughter who at one time was the belle of the settlement.

Shaubena's family, while at the grove, consisted of twenty-five or thirty persons, including his two squaws, children, grandchildren, nephews, nieces, etc. He would frequently take the little ones to church with

him on the Sabbath day, and take much pains to keep them quiet during service.

While at the grove, Shaubena had a niece living with him, a young squaw of about fifteen years of age and of prepossessing appearance, but, like other daughters of Eve, was not free from faults. For some indiscretion she was punished in accordance with Indian custom, which the following story, told by an early settler, Isaac Morse, will illustrate. One morning, Mr. Morse, on going into the timber to work, noticed a high pen built of poles around a large burr oak tree, in which was this Indian maiden. He asked her many questions, to which she made no reply, appearing sad and ashamed of her situation. At noon he offered her some of his lunch, but she would neither eat nor speak. Next morning, finding her still in the pen, Mr. Morse again tried to converse with her, and commenced pulling down the pen from around her. She then said that she was a bad Indian, consequently must stay there another day, and commenced repairing the pen around herself.

Shaubena had a grandson named Smoke, a bright, intelligent lad, about thirteen years of age at the time of his death, and to him

was bequeathed the chieftainship of the tribe. Smoke went to Kansas after his grandfather's death, and is said to be chief of the band.

Shaubena has a nephew, a half-breed, named David K. Foster, who received a college education, and is now a Methodist preacher at Bradley, in Allegan county, Michigan. Also, another nephew, a half-breed and a college graduate, by the name of Col. Joseph N. Bourassa, now living at Silver Lake, Kansas. From each of these men I have received many letters, and to them I am indebted for many items given in this work.

A few years before Shaubena's death, he gave all his family Christian names, in addition to their Indian names, assuming the name of Benjamin himself.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE OLD CHIEF ON HIS NERVE.

In the fall of 1856, Shaubena had some friends come from Kansas to visit him, who remained his guests for about two months. While here, both host and guests went on a hunting expedition in the big woods on the Kankakee river, it being the most likely place to find deer. Shaubena was accompanied by his whole family, old and young, with the intention of spending about two weeks in the woods.

While Shaubena and his friends were off hunting in the grove, the man who owned the timber where they were encamped came and ordered them to leave, tore down one of the tents, and abused the squaws by calling them hard names, etc. When Shaubena returned to camp in the evening, and learned what had taken place, he became very angry,

but concluded to move his camp to some other part of the grove on the following morning.

That evening, about sunset, the owner of the timber, accompanied by two of his neighbors, returned to the Indian camp, when the old chief offered them his hand, at the same time exclaiming, "Me Shaubena." This kind of an introduction always acted as a talisman among settlers, by giving him a hearty welcome wherever his camp was pitched, but with this man it failed of its magic effect. The owner of the timber commenced swearing, telling the chief if he did not leave immediately, he would destroy his tents. Shaubena took out some pieces of silver, and offered them to him in payment for the tent poles which had been cut, but this did not satisfy the angry man. Being in a terrible rage, his voice raised to a high key, he told Shaubena that if he did not leave his timber forthwith, he would move him, and, in carrying out his threats, upset a kettle in which their supper had been prepared. This was too much for the old chief. With him forbearance had ceased to be a virtue, therefore he took his tomahawk and knife out of his belt, laying them

on the ground by the side of his rifle, and then, going up to the man, said to him (in bad English) that if he did not shut his mouth he would knock every tooth down his throat.

Although Shaubena was now past four-score years, his figure was erect, his step firm, age had not dimmed the fire of his eyes, nor dispelled the courage of his youth, and he was now prepared, notwithstanding his great age, to defend his rights in true pugilistic style.

The owner of the timber disliked the looks of the broad chest, strong brown arms, and determined will of the old chief, fancying he saw before him the image of a savage on the war path, and, without saying another word, made a hasty retreat for a place of safety, leaving Shaubena to move his encampment when most convenient.

VISITING AMONG WHITE POEPLE.

At different times Shaubena was selected by the Pottawatomie nation to represent their interest to the General Government, and for that purpose he made many trips to Washington. On his last visit to Washington, Gen. Cass introduced him to the President,

some of the heads of departments, members of Congress, and others. A large crowd of people had collected in the rotunda of the capitol, to see Shaubena, when Gen. Cass introduced him to the audience by making a short speech, in which he said, "Shaubena is the greatest red man of the West; he has always been a friend to the whites, and saved many of their lives during the Black Hawk war." At the conclusion of this speech, people came forward to shake hands with the chief, and many of the ladies met him with a kiss.

While in Washington Shaubena received many presents from his friends, among which was a fashionable suit of broadcloth clothes. On returning home his people were surprised to see him dressed like a white man, and his little grandchildren refused to make up with him. This made Shaubena feel sad, consequently he left his fine suit at the house of a friend for safe keeping, and again assumed his Indian garb.

Shaubena had an extensive acquaintance among the early settlers of the West, and many friends with whom he made frequent visits. Sometimes by special invitation he

would remain their guest for several days, receiving marked attention, presents, etc.

In September, 1858, Williamson Durley, of Putnam county, called on Shaubena at his residence near Seneca, and gave him a special invitation to visit at his house.

Mr. Durley commenced the mercantile business at Hennepin in 1831, and for a number of years Shaubena traded with him, buying goods for himself and band on credit and paying for them in furs. Their business relations were very pleasant, and Shaubena always regarded Mr. Durley among his best friends.

When the appointed time came for Shaubena to visit Mr. Durley, he arrived with four of his family. The old chief with his grandson, a lad of twelve years of age, named Smoke, in a light wagon, drawn by two ponies, and three daughters, (two of whom were maidens) on horseback. Shaubena remained Mr. Durley's guest for a number of days, and during his stay, gave him a history of Western Indians, as it is handed down by tradition through many generations.

While at Mr. Durley's residence, Shaubena with his three daughters and grandson,

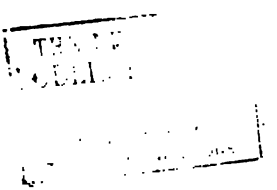
Smoke, dressed themselves in full Indian costume, with beads, rings, paint and feathers, all mounted on horseback, and in this way they visited Hennepin, where they attracted much attention. The citizens, men, women and children, turned out *en masse* to honor their presence, and gave them a hearty reception.

PERSON AND CHARACTER OF SHAUBENA.

Shaubena was above the medium size, tall and straight, with broad shoulders, a large head, high cheek bones, and a face of more than ordinary intelligence. His movements were graceful, his address pleasing, and his appearance commanding, so a stranger could see at a glance that he was no ordinary Indian. Fur traders, who knew Shaubena while in the prime of life, speak of him as a very handsome Indian, excelling in horsemanship, dancing, and all kinds of athletic sports. In the latter part of his life he became quite corpulent, but at four-score he was straight and active, his head covered with black locks, and retained much of the vigor of manhood.

Shaubena was affable in his manners, fond

Shaubena's Ovation at Hennepin.



of society, and very popular among both whites and Indians. His word was always good with fur traders, and on his promise he would purchase on credit, each year, a large quantity of goods for his band, and these contracts were always complied with.

As early pioneers came into the country, Shaubena became a frequent visitor at their cabins, and was known everywhere as the white man's friend. During the years 1831, 1832 and 1833, the settlers were alarmed by reports of threatening hostilities. Shaubena was frequently consulted with regard to their safety if they should remain in the country, and his advice was generally followed. Fur traders, Indian agents, and early pioneer settlers, all agree that Shaubena was truthful, honest, kind and benevolent almost to a fault, and everywhere he received the appellation of the good chief.

Shaubena, physically and morally, was a noble specimen of his race, and whose memory should be preserved to coming generations. His friendship for the whites, as shown by persistent labors in their interest, and giving them timely warning of danger, so they might escape the tomahawk of ruthless savages, has endeared his memory to

every pioneer. Beneath the tawny skin that wrapped his strong limbs and ample breast, was as noble a soul as any pale Saxon ever possessed.

After the battle of Frenchtown, in January, 1813, a number of wounded prisoners were confined in a vacant cabin, and guarded by two British soldiers. Among these prisoners was a young man named George Selby, a nephew of Governor Selby, and a lieutenant in a Kentucky regiment. During the night, a party of savages overpowered the guard, rushed into the cabin, and in cold blood commenced killing the wounded, unarmed prisoners. The groans and shrieks of the victims were heard by Shaubena, as he lay before a camp fire some distance off, when he hastened to the rescue, rushing in among the murderers, throwing one this way, and another that, causing them to desist from their bloody work. But the struggle for life was over with the prisoners, except one, who lay exhausted and bleeding from a number of fresh wounds; he was carried by Shaubena to the army hospital, and finally recovered. This rescued prisoner was Lieutenant Selby, above referred to, and during his illness he was visited almost daily by his preserver.

More than twenty years after the event above narrated, while Shaubena, with other Indian chiefs, were standing on the east portico of the capitol, at Washington, engaged in conversation, a fashionably dressed man, after looking at the chief for some time, offered him his hand, saying, he believed they had met at Frenchtown. This was Lieut. Selby, who, notwithstanding nearly a quarter of a century had passed away, still remembered the mild, expressive face of his benefactor.

Shaubena accompanied Selby to the United States Hotel where he was stopping, and was introduced to his family and friends as the person who saved his life. Shaubena remained Lieut. Selby's guest during his stay in Washington, and on his departure received from him a number of valuable presents.

Billy Caldwell, a half-breed, and a commissioned officer in the Indian department of the British army during the war of 1812, certifies that Shaubena was a faithful companion of his during the war with the United States. On different occasions he witnessed his bravery in battle, and humanity to prisoners who fell into his hands. That he joined

Tecumseh on the Wabash in 1807, and was the friend and companion of that celebrated chief from the commencement of hostilities until his death, at the battle of the Thames, October, 1813.

This paper is dated at Amherstburg, Canada, August 1, 1816, and signed by Billy Caldwell, Capt. Indian Department of the British Army. This certificate is written on a half sheet of foolscap, bearing the English water mark of 1813. For more than forty years Shaubena carried this paper on his person, secured, with other mementoes, in a buckskin pouch. A few years before his death, he gave it to William Hickling, an old friend, now a resident of Chicago, who still retains it in his possession, and through his politeness, I have been allowed to make these extracts.

SHAUBENA'S DEATH AND BURIAL.

Shaubena died at his residence on the Illinois river July 17, 1859, aged eighty-four years, and was buried with much pomp and ceremony in Morris Cemetery. His remains were deposited on Lot 59, Block 7, donated by the cemetery, but neither stone nor stake

marks the spot. In the spring of 1861, a subscription was started in some of the river towns to raise funds for the purpose of erecting a monument over his remains, but the war breaking out, caused the enterprise to be abandoned, consequently there is nothing to mark the long resting place of this friend of the white man. His squaw, Mi-o-mex Ze-be-qua, together with Mary Oquaka, a little granddaughter four years of age, were drowned in Mazon creek, in Grundy county, on the 30th of November, 1864, and buried by the side of Shaubena.

There are eight of Shaubena's family buried on the same lot in Morris Cemetery, five of whom were his children or grandchildren.

A few years after Shaubena's death, his family went West to join their band in Kansas, and the land owned by him is held by the County Court in trust for the benefit of his heirs.